£1,006 IN PRIZES.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£1,000 Free Insurance.

"Vaguely aimed at the brute."

See first page inside.

No. 917.] Postage, One Penny. Registered for transmission to Canada. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 13, 1908. Entered at Stationers Hall. [Price One Penny.

"Nothing succeeds like success."

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

Was successful from the first.

Patronized by H.M. the QUEEN of SWEDEN

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of Pearson's Weekly, 13/2/1908. On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our PRUDENTIAL REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN HALF-GUINEA

BRUSSELETTE CARPETS

suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered, in six different patterns of fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, thus showing the identical quality we do supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, an being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and TWO RUGS for 10s. 6d. to Berkeley Square. The Countess of Selkirk would thank the British Carpet Co. to send her another Carpet similar to the one she got from them a fortnight ago, which is most satisfactory."

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Quilts, Table Linen, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Curtains, &c., Post Free if, when writing, you mention "Pearson's Weekly," 13/2/08. Address—

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Manufacturers & Merchants, WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.

THE VALUE OF JAVOL

THE ÉLITE OF HAIR TONICS

Rests on the simple fact that IT IS better than any other hair tonic, and considerably better too,—no one seriously challenges that point. You may waste money buying second or third-rate tonics, but if you want the BEST—JAVOL stands alone.

In flasks 5s. 6d., 3s. and 1s. (with coupon).
Javol Shampoo, 3d. & 1s. (box of five).
Crème Javol, 2s. For the Complexion.

Entitles bearer to a 2/- flask of JAVOL for trial at 1/- on presentation to any Chemist—failing him, send P.O. 1/- direct. 81

Of all up-to-date Chemists.

LAMONT, CORLISS & Co., 11 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C

The Housewife's Friend.

"VASELINE"

The Everyday Need.

SIX USEFUL TRIAL SAMPLES, POST FREE, 6d.

"VASELINE" is the base of so many preparations for which there is an everyday use. The Trial Sample Set of Six Preparations is intended to introduce you to the many merits of "VASELINE." The "VASELINE" Preparations are sold by all Chemists.

For giving beautiful complexions—for renewing the hair and preventing it falling—for healing all skin troubles—for relieving Rheumatism and Neuralgia—there is a Vaseline preparation for all these and much more—for details see booklet.

SAMPLE BOXES CONTAIN SIX ARTICLES:—1 Tube White "Vaseline." 1 Tube Capsicum "Vaseline." 1 Tube Pomade "Vaseline." 1 Tin Pure "Vaseline." 1 Tin "Vaseline" Cold Cream. 1 Tin "Vaseline" Camphor Ice.

Send 6d. in Stamps (½d. stamps preferred) to the—

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors of "Vaseline."
42 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
And one will be forwarded post free.

New Cure For Rupture

New Scientific Appliance. Always a Perfect Fit—Adjustable to any size Person—Easy, Comfortable. Never Slips. No Obnoxious Springs or Pads—Costs Less than Many Common Trusses—Made for Men, Women and Children.

I Send It On Approval—You Wear It—If You Are Not Satisfied, I Refund Your Money—Brings Immediate Relief to Sufferers.

I have invented a rupture appliance that I can safely say, by thirty years' experience in the rupture business, is the only one that will absolutely hold the rupture and never slip and yet is light, cool, comfortable, conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting, and costs less than many ordinary trusses. There are no springs or hard, lumpy pads, and yet it holds the rupture safely and firmly without pain or inconvenience. I have put the price so low that any person, rich or poor, can buy, and I absolutely guarantee it.

C. E. Brooks, the Inventor.

I make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it, and if it doesn't satisfy you send it back to me, and I will refund your money.—C. E. Brooks.

That is the fairest proposition ever made by a rupture specialist. The banks or any responsible citizen in Marshall will tell you that is the way I do business—always absolutely fair and square.

For several years my appliance has been used in all parts of America, with a wonderful record of success. It has come to be recognised as the only sure, unfailing relief from all the tortures of rupture, and the most reliable method of cure. Thousands of reputable, honest, thankful men and women testify to the great good the Brooks Rupture Appliance has done them. Since its introduction into England, my appliance has brought perfect relief and comfort to many who had suffered for years from rupture.

Mr. John Jones, Caldcote Road, Hartshill, Nr. Atherstone, Warwickshire, writes us as follows:

Hartshill, July 11, 1907.

Mr. Brooks, Sir:—Just a line to say I received your appliance quite safe and am very much pleased with it. I am sure it will give satisfaction and I find it is a great benefit when working, as it gives ease and comfort. I am also able to digest my food so much better. You can make what use you like of this letter as I am sure I will tell anyone who suffers as I have. Thanking you very much for your kindness, I remain, Yours truly,

JOHN JONES.

A gentleman from Blackpool, whose name we will furnish on application, has also found relief. He says:

Blackpool, May 12, 1906.

Dear Sir:—I received the appliance on the 1st inst., and am very pleased with it. It adapts itself to the body in a marvellous manner and serves its purpose perfectly. I have never felt so safe or so comfortable before since I was ruptured. I cycle and take a lot of exercise, but the cushion always stays in place, whatever position I get in. I am,

Yours truly, W. T. S.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail, I have my greatest success. Write me to-day and I will send you my book on Rupture and its cure, showing my appliance and giving you prices and names of people who have tried it and been cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember I use no salves, no harness, no lies. Just a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

Remember, a letter to America requires 2½d. postage. Write your name very plain and be sure to give your full address so there can be no mistake in delivery. Address,

C. E. BROOKS,
6376 Brooks Bldg., Marshall, Mich., U.S.A.

When writing to Advertisers *Please Mention* **PEARSON'S WEEKLY.**

BOON TO MEN.

Nervous and Physical Weaknesses—Urinary Troubles, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and other allied diseases. Send for Treatise, with full particulars, including Hundreds of Testimonials of Complete Cures. No Electricity. Sent sealed free.
J. L. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 6d. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.—Call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford St., Opp. [illegible], London. (Estd. 100 years.)

PHOTO POST-CARDS of yourself, 1/- dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel supersede pilcochia, bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc., and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/1½ per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

CONJURING SECRETS.—List 1d.—Dresden House, North Finchley, London.

ASTROLOGY.—Reliable horoscope of character, marriage, and business.—Send birth date, 1/-, and stamped envelope to [illegible], Sunderland. Your future [illegible] with above horoscope.

SANTELCO.—The new remedy, quicker and more effective than [illegible], Pertes, [illegible], and other so-called cures. Post free [illegible].—Herbert's Remedy Co., Chemists, 8 [illegible] Parade, Holloway, London. Mention this paper.

£3 PER WEEK earned by advertisement writers. Many excellent positions. Prospectus post free.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. [illegible]), [illegible] Oxford Street, London, W.

LADIES! High-class, Second-hand **CLOTHING.** Catalogue sent.—Madame Dupont, 22 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.

LIPTON'S TEA WRAPPERS Wanted.—State lowest price per doz., for 1lb. and ½lb. wrappers, to E. Frost, 13 Herbert Road, Wimbledon.

BOON TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise, with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, two stamps.—P. J. Murray, 7 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

RUG MAKING AT HOME.—Interesting but simple. Yorkshire Rug Wool Thrums, 1/3 lb. Samples, with illustrated instructions, free.—John Stoddart, Dept. H, Empire Works, Halifax.

POWERFUL ELECTRIC FLASH LAMPS.—Handy! Amusing!! Scientific!!! Useful during night. Pocket size, 1/3, postage 2d.—Glasman, 33 St. Dunstan's Road, Hanwell.

LADIES, the Sylvestrine Compressed Tablets, the best remedy discovered. They never fail to give relief. Specially prepared to suit the female constitution. They do not contain pennyroyal, bitter apple, or similar useless preparations. SUFFER NO LONGER. Sent in plain wrapper, post free, 1/1½ [illegible].—Sylvestrine Co. (Dept. 4), [illegible], Southwark Street, London, S.E.

CONJURING SECRETS.—Novel, mystifying. Lists, stamp.—[illegible] St., Coventry.

STRENGTH. New Lease, New [illegible].—Interesting and instructive [illegible] to young and middle-aged men on "How to [illegible] Vitality, and Increase [illegible]" [illegible] treatise on Nervous [illegible] Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men.—Sent sealed on receipt of a penny stamp by Charles Gordon, 8 [illegible] Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

PICTURE POSTCARDS.—Splendid selection. Samples and list, [illegible] & Co., 49 Park Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

MAKE MONEY selling [illegible] [illegible] for guide free.—[illegible] [illegible].

[illegible]—[illegible] Rob Roy [illegible] [illegible] Birmingham.

YOU [illegible] 1/- [illegible].—Full particulars of employment, apply U., [illegible] Aldersgate Street, London.

[illegible]—[illegible] Catalogue free. Every kind of dainty pottery. [illegible].

CROWN CHINA.—Direct from our kilns to your kitchen. Understand, you buy from the manufacturer, therefore other advertisers (calling themselves Pottery Co.'s), who simply factor the goods cannot supply at our prices. The fact that we keep our two factories fully employed proves that we are right in front for value and quality. Testimonials and repeats every day. Artistic decorations and useful shapes in Toilet, Dinner, Tea, and Breakfast Sets, from 2/- and 4/-. Special line the four sets, best finish, 18/6; with 12 useful kitchen articles extra, 21/-, in all 110 pieces. 25 years' experience and great variety of productions makes our presents and bazaar packages so successful. Badged ware for hotels and churches at low rates. Catalogue free. Write now.—Royal Crown Pottery (Dept. 6), Tunstall, Staffs.

DOG BASKET CHAIRS direct from factory. [illegible] free.—[illegible] Bros., Stanley St., Doncaster.

FURS FOR DISTRESSED.—Rare bargain. Elegant 3 ft. long rich Sable Brown Russian Fur Stole or Throwover, handsomely trimmed with ten tails, heads, and large Granny Muff to match; sacrifice 14/9, worth £3. Approval willingly.—Lombard, 284 Brixton Road, Stockwell, London.

EVENING EMPLOYMENT.

Respectable men in regular [illegible], desirous of increasing their income, should [illegible] for particulars of a [illegible] spare-time [illegible] [illegible] Clothing, Boots, Drapery, [illegible], Jewellery, Household Requisites, [illegible] Instruments, Bicycles, &c., for Cash or Credit. ON EQUITABLE TERMS TO AGENT & CUSTOMER. [illegible] & Co., Ltd., Box 16, 147 Westminster Bridge Road, London. Established 200 years.

FOREIGN STAMPS.—[illegible] Catalogue free to collectors sending [illegible] [illegible] gift [illegible].—Bright & Son, 164 Strand, W.C.

LADIES—SAUTERN'S APIOL AND STEEL PILLS [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to their [illegible] [illegible] strong, 4/6. Sample two [illegible] [illegible] Chemists, [illegible] [illegible] guide to health sent free.

HAGGERMOOR'S HEAD SCOURING [illegible], the original and best. From 1/- per [illegible]. White or coloured. [illegible], dainty, durable, [illegible] [illegible] Agents, Greensmith & Downes, Edinburgh.

THE I.R.S. GOLDEN COMPETITION [illegible].

LADIES [illegible] Sample [illegible] [illegible] Chemists, [illegible] Lane, London.

TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.—A [illegible] for the novice and also for [illegible] [illegible] is "How to Take and [illegible]" [illegible] Holland. It contains all [illegible] [illegible] regarding the [illegible] [illegible] Films, Exposure, Development, [illegible] Mounting, &c. [illegible] [illegible] for 1/2 from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. ([illegible]), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study, and produces highest speeds. Interesting booklet free.—Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

LADIES should send two stamps for Booklet, containing particulars of our famous Herbal Remedies.—Northern Remedy Co., Chemists, 161 Seven Sisters Road, Holloway, London.

ASTROLOGY.—Life, Horoscope of Character, Marriage and Business, [illegible] Send birth date, 1/- [illegible] [illegible]—Madame Vernon, [illegible].

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample of Powell's Popular Pellets for Ladies, the most effective remedy ever discovered.—W. F. Powell Remedy Co., Beplingham Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

SIXPENCE or more per week will purchase Cycles (all makers), also Ladies', Gent's Boots, Clothing, Feather Boas, Furs, Watches, Marble Clocks, Jewellery, Musical Instruments, Cutlery, Linoleum, [illegible]. Special offer, 200 [illegible] [illegible] 55/-. Send [illegible] [illegible] House, 45 Dereham Road, Norwich.

YOU CAN DO IT!

Far-sighted people in every station of life are improving their [illegible] by saving money on their purchases—and the same [illegible] opportunity is open to you. Send a postcard for H. SAMUEL'S

BEAUTIFUL ALBUM OF WATCHES & JEWELS

and learn how tremendously the buying power of money is increased by purchasing at **FACTORY PRICES DIRECT** with your satisfaction guaranteed by a **MONTH'S FREE TRIAL,** and the valuable addition of a **HANDSOME PRIZE absolutely FREE.**

The [illegible] 25/- [illegible] Free Gift of Gold Silver Albert. Thousands of testimonials.

GOLD GEM RINGS, from 5/6; GOLD BROOCHES, from 3/6; GOLD ALBERTS, from 21/-; SILVER-PLATED DINNER CRUETS, from 4/6, &c.

—such prices carry their own conviction! —and you should have the **FREE BOOK** that quotes them. **SEND FOR IT TO-DAY.**

H. SAMUEL, 87 Market St., MANCHESTER.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD., BELFAST

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

	Bordered. per doz.		Hemstitched. per doz.
Children's	1/3	Ladies'	2/9
Ladies'	2/6	Gents'	3/11
Gents'	3/6		

Direct from the Manufacturers. Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

"The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—The Queen.

IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

Collars, Gentlemen's four-fold from 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Gentlemen from 5/11 per doz.

Matchless Shirts, with 4-fold Fronts, and Cuffs and Bodies of fine Longcloth, 35/6 per ½ doz. (to measure 2/- extra).

"Exquisite quality ... moderate ... in price."—Myra's Journal.

N.B.—All Letter Orders & inquiries for Samples should be sent to 38m Donegall Place, Belfast.

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR.

A 1d. packet makes 15 delicious light buns with certain success, Almond, Lemon, or Vanilla.

LADIES

Should write to-day enclosing 1d. stamp for valuable Booklet and **FREE SAMPLE** of **BLANCHARD'S PILLS**

They Supersede Pennyroyal, Pil Cochia, Bitter Apple, &c.

LESLIE MARTYN Ltd., Chemists, 34 DALSTON LANE, LONDON.

EVERY MAN

SUFFERING from NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY should send for a valuable Pamphlet explaining how all Nervous and Organic Derangements and Varicocele may be successfully treated without stomach medication. The method is easy and pleasant, and will effect a perfect and permanent cure. Sent in plain sealed envelope, post free.—E. R. NORTON, 59 and 60 Chancery Lane, London. Over 30 years' continuous success.

HAVE YOU A COLD? DR. MACKENZIE'S CATARRH CURE SMELLING-BOTTLE

Immediately Cures COLD IN THE HEAD, INFLUENZA, NERVOUS HEADACHE, or HAY FEVER. Instantly relieves Neuralgia in the Head, Faintness and Dizziness. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Price One Shilling, or Post free 14 Stamps, from MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, Reading.

N.B.—Refuse Worthless Imitations.

BETTER THAN COD LIVER OIL.

Real Devonshire Cream (clotted); absolutely pure; no preservatives used; the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil; invaluable for children and invalids. ½lb., 1/4; 1lb., 2/4; 2lb., 4/4, free; supplied constantly to the Countesses Cadogan, Pembroke, Sefton, Dundonald, Guilford, Lichfield, etc., by

Mrs. CONYERS, Bridestowe, S.O., Devonshire.

TIRED MEN.

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me, and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be Quickly and Thoroughly Cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this Paper.—A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell Street, London, W.C. Over twenty years' successful results.

HEADACHE CURED IN 10 MINUTES.

One Kaputine cures in ten minutes the most violent Headache or Neuralgia. We want to prove this safe and reliable medicine to every sufferer, and in order to do so will send you two free sample doses of Kaputine by return post. Write to C. E. Kaputine, Kaputine Works, Wakefield. Kaputine is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Packets of 12 doses, 1/-. Samples 1d.

5/- WATCH

This is the Ingersoll 5/- Watch, which sells at the lowest price, carries the strongest guarantee, and has a larger sale than all other watches. Accurate and reliable.

Other Ingersolls at 6/- and 7/6. Ladies' size, 8/6. Sold by dealers everywhere, or post free by us. Booklet free.

Robt. H. INGERSOLL & Bro., 203 Audrey House, Ely Place, London, E.C.

GIVEN FREE

With this week's **WOMAN'S LIFE**

AN 8-PAGE SUPPLEMENT and a PAPER PATTERN Of the skirt knickers here illustrated.

Be sure to get it. On Sale MONDAY 1d.

KEATING'S LOZENGES

TINS 1/1½

CURE THE WORST COUGH

FOR PREVENTION

It is an admitted fact that prevention is better than cure, and in no sense is it more true than in regard to bodily health. What may at first be but a slight ailment may, if allowed to go unchecked, develop into a real danger—only to be removed at the expense of much sacrifice and suffering. It is well, therefore, to understand that, taken in time, BEECHAM'S PILLS will quickly go to the root of the trouble and prevent serious illness.

FOR CURE

If you find yourself suffering from a disordered condition of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, or Bowels, Beecham's Pills may be relied upon with the greatest confidence, not only to give immediate relief, but to effect a permanent cure. This medicine acts successfully in cases where more pretentious means often utterly fail. It strengthens all the vital organs, particularly those of nutrition, secretion, and excretion, and many even who regard themselves as confirmed invalids might regain all their health and happiness if they would only

TAKE **BEECHAM'S PILLS.**

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills).

To Smokers

MAKE YOUR OWN CIGARETTE, SIR: IT IS TWICE AS GOOD

Cigarette AG Paper

BEST & PUREST. LARGEST SALE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

un cations respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 917. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 13, 1908. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

DID THE BOOT HIT THE CAT?

Answer this vital question in a good last line to our new unfinished Limerick Verse.

£1,006 DIVIDED THIS WEEK. £50 6s. FOR EACH WINNER.

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 35.

THE wonderful popularity of *Pearson's* Limerick Contests continues, and this week again the prize money reaches the four figures. The actual amount available for distribution is **£1,006**, so that the sum divided by the senders of the ten lines selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin and the Editor as the best and most original, is **£503**, or **£50 6s.** for each winning line. The remaining half of the amount available for distribution is awarded in consolation gifts amongst other competitors whose efforts show merit but who have not been successful in securing one of our large awards.

With the addition of this week's prize money our grand total is brought up to **£66,034.** The number of competitors rewarded since we began our limerick contests is now **19,331**, both of these aggregates being the records for these popular competitions.

The unfinished limerick was as follows:

Old England is watching with pride
The deeds of her cricketing side;
They are far o'er the sea,
But you're bound to agree

The last lines selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin and the Editor, together with the names and addresses of the senders, are as follows:

Britons "strike," then "run," where's their pride?
F. HOPKIRK, 1 Greenbank Villas, Cavehill Rd., Belfast.

There's no "tail" on the Kangaroo's side.
F. E. PERRIN, Carbrooke, Thetford, Norfolk.

They "go under," who go to that side.
A. R. CHANCE, 9 Royal Terrace, Southend-on-Sea.

Even rabbits make runs on that side.
W. FAIRGRIEVE, 83 Montgomery St., Irvine, Ayrshire.

When they lost, e'en the newsboys all cried.
A. R. WILD, 3 Clarendon Road, Leytonstone, E.

They don't "take the field"—it's supplied.
A. E. SAYER, c.o. Miles & Son, Broad St., King's Lynn.

If they're "licked" it's by cubs we supplied.
H. THOMSON, Artist, 130 Wellington St., Glasgow.

Their first "pitch" Father Neptune supplied.
J. C. FOSTER, 7 Cambridge Rd., Lee, S.E.

They draw crowds not matches that side.
A. G. W. SAWYER, War Office, S.W.

It lacks the old Grace once its pride.
MRS. J. GARRATT, 180 St. Alban's Rd., Watford, Herts.

15 CONSOLATION GIFTS OF £5 EACH.

ANNAND, A., Portessie, Buckie, N.B.
BOORMAN, Mrs. A., 66 Alma St., Newport, Mon.
CHAPMAN, E., Beckton Rd. Council School, Canning Town.
CLARKE, H. G., 5 Lord Nelson St., Liverpool.
GODWIN, C., 6 Owen Rd., Wolverhampton.
GUEST, A., 43 Coram St., Russell Sq., W.C.
GARRATT, J., 180 St. Alban's Rd., Watford.
JACKSON, C. A., 7 Kimberley Rd., Chesterton, Cambridge.
KILLEEN, D. J., Manager, "Kuit's," 2 Victoria St., L'pool.
KIRKPATRICK, Miss A., Ernest Lodge, Mount Row, Guernsey.
MILLBANK, A., Pavilion Club, Woodville Gdns., Ealing.
SIMMONS, A., 11 Trinity St., Unthank Rd., Norwich.
SIMS, A. B., 7 Bristol Rd., Birmingham.
WALKER, Mrs. W., 3 Randolph Terr., Ayr, N.B.
WELCH, H. L., 15 Blakeney Avenue, Beckenham, Kent.

Poor Jones, an old boot, vaguely aimed at the brute.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Below you will find the first four lines of this week's limerick. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a **postal order for sixpence**, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. ☛ Mark your envelope "Cat" in the top left-hand corner. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, February 13th.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form below, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. should be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and be crossed "& Co.," and the number should be written in the space provided below. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt the number of this P.O. should be written on each entry form. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.) one-half will be divided amongst the senders of the ten lines which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a line thus selected by the adjudicators, the prize awarded to such a line will be divided equally amongst all competitors who send in that line.

Claims in respect of identical lines in Competition No. 38 must be made on or before Tuesday, March 3rd.

The remaining one-half of the amount available for distribution will be awarded in consolation gifts amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

The ten winning attempts will be selected by

Mr. G. B. BURGIN and the EDITOR of "P.W.,"

who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

ENTRY FORM. LIMERICK No. 38.

As a Tom cat one evening did try
Tetrazzini's top notes to outvie,
Poor Jones, an old boot,
Vaguely aimed at the brute

_____

_____

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

No. of P.O. .....

See Page Three of Cover for

LIST OF 428 RECIPIENTS OF £1 CONSOLATION GIFTS.

To publish the full name and address of each competitor would occupy too much space. We therefore print only the name and initials of each person, together with the name of the town. Should any reader wish to know the full address of any one recipient, it will be sent on receipt of a half-penny stamp.

Is "Living In" Slavery?

The Opinions of Some Influential People on Shop Assistants and the Living-in Question.

On February 11th, a great meeting of shop assistants and their sympathisers is to be held in the Queen's Hall, London, to protest against the living-in system. Below are the advance views of some well-known people, who are deeply interested in the matter.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

("G. B. S.," who is the speaker of the evening, has not yet formed an opinion.)

My opinion will probably be formed when the chairman tells me that it will be my turn next. I can give you nothing beforehand. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

G. B. S.

Mr. JAMES MACPHERSON.

(Mr. Macpherson is the secretary of the National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants, Warehousemen, and Clerks, an organisation possessing nearly 450 branches and over 20,000 members.)

The following is the organised opinion of the workers on the living-in system:

In the elementary stages of distribution there were many reasons for its existence, but the revolution that has taken place in the distributive trade has broken that social and paternal tie between employer and employed, which justified its inception.

The reasons for its abolition are:

1. It is detrimental to health.
2. It prevents the growth of individuality and self-reliance.
3. The institutional and celibate conditions necessarily imposed conduce to a loose standard of morality.
4. The system is economically unsound.
5. The system excludes the shop workers from the social and civic life of the community; they are voiceless.
6. Modern commercialism has outgrown the system; it is unnecessary to the proper conduct of business.

Jas. Macpherson

Mr. W. MORFORD

(Managing Director of Messrs. Swan and Edgar).

The living-in system is in most cases beneficial to the employer and employee, and in our trade I believe there are more assistants in favour than against. Doubtless there are employers who fail to do their duty towards those they employ, and I look back upon my early experiences of living-in with *loathing* and *disgust*. There are, however, many West End, suburban, and country houses whose catering and house arrangements leave nothing to be desired.

As regards our own business, my Board and self recognise the difficulties (such as high rents, want of space, etc.), and to do our duty in this respect, it is our intention to abolish living and boarding in, but our decision has been arrived at upon purely business grounds, and not through any agitation that has recently been rife.

W. Morford

Mr. J. A. STACEY

(Secretary to the Early Closing Association).

I do not think that general dissatisfaction exists against "living-in." It is undeniable that good food and lodging have been withheld here and there. It would not be fair, however, to say that this has been generally the case.

If the whole body of assistants were united as against employers, and this is far from being the case, a very tough struggle would be in store. Without doubt, assuming their case to be won, the former would find, in experience with parsimonious landladies, that what costs a firm, when providing for a staff, £30 to £40 a year per head, would cost themselves individually £50 to £60 at least. Many little pleasures, too, of a fairly good club, for instance, enjoyed by not a few assistants, would be lost.

As a matter of fact, I have found, in conversing with the members of the staffs of many of the better-class houses, that they prefer to live in. I am alluding now to the men. Then there is this difficulty, that assistants of the highest class usually will not engage themselves without an agreement to "live-in."

This is the case with several well-known West-end firms. Some of these ladies earn large salaries. There is present to my mind the case of a lady on the staff of Messrs. John Barker and Co., who, in early middle life, had saved a competence.

Anyway, it is a leap in the dark. I mean by this that there has never been a systematic trial made as between "living-in" and "living-out." An important London establishment some time ago did arrange with a number of the staff that these should "live-out." I am informed that they subsequently declared to the firm their preference to "live-in," and that the old "living-in" arrangements were accordingly restored. The staff of Harrod's Stores do not "live-in." Their case, though, is entirely exceptional. The space available for a staff is used for expensive flats.

J. A. Stacey

Miss MARGARET BONDFIELD.

(Miss Margaret Bondfield is an ex-shop assistant; now assistant secretary to the N.A.U.S.A.W. & C., and well known as a speaker and writer on the social and economic aspects of women's work.)

My personal experience of living-in has convinced me that the system is as bad for women as for men; that it accentuates the "over-sexed" condition of many women, and tends to pervert the mind from a sane, healthy view of life and its responsibilities.

Young girls and women of the world occupy the same sleeping rooms, with detriment to the young and discomfort to the older women.

The lack of privacy, the petty rules and regulations, in a word the institutional life, warps and crushes their individuality; this must ultimately react unfavourably for the race.

Margaret G. Bondfield

Mr. T. SPENCER JONES

(Editor of the "Shop Assistant").

The living-in system is the strongest link in the bondage of shop assistants. It is the root evil of their economic degradation. Long hours, fines, and other hoary evils are mere sores; the living-in system is a great cancer, eating away their self-respect, their manhood and womanhood, their independence, their very life. Shop assistants cannot become political freemen, intelligent citizens, and healthy men and women until this feudal relic in the industrialism of the twentieth century is done away with lock, stock, and barrel. The wretched barrack life, with its grave dangers to the morals of shop assistants, both men and women, must give way to the home life.

T. Spencer Jones

Mr. A. W. GAMAGE

(Who controls the palatial stores in Holborn).

There are two sides to this question, as to most others.

The living-in system is objectionable in many ways. Under it men are treated like chattels, or perhaps it would be better to say, like schoolboys. In my day as many as ten or a dozen men were herded together in a room, and I believe the same thing takes place still. In some houses the assistants are very badly fed, and the employers make money out of the system. In others, especially in small shops, the bedrooms are kept in a filthy state.

I can recall a young man taking up a situation in a West End house in which I was employed thirty-five years ago, and coming down the first morning with a face marked as if he had smallpox—the effect of insects in his room.

I was taken over a draper's establishment in Bethnal Green some time ago, and at three o'clock in the afternoon I found the bedrooms still not cleaned. Life in small shops, where the conditions are like these, and the assistants are worked up to ten o'clock at night, is terrible.

On the other hand, there are many large houses, both in town and country, who take the greatest interest in their employees and study their comfort in every way consistent with discipline. They provide medical advice, libraries, reading rooms, in some cases billiards, and encourage athletic clubs and debating societies, so that assistants' mental and physical training is considered. If all houses of business worked on these lines there could be very little said against the living-in system.

In all large houses, of course, there must be rules, which, in some cases, strike very hard against the employees, but discipline must be maintained, and these rules are framed to prevent abuses being indulged in by a few members of a staff.

It is the old case of a majority having to be taxed for the sake of a small minority. I have known many privileges withdrawn through the stupidity or selfishness of a single man or boy acting in an indiscreet or silly manner. But as we cannot have uniformity of treatment, I am still of opinion that living-out is better for the men, as a whole, although financially I consider that assistants cannot get such good value in the way of lodgings and board outdoors as they can by living-in.

There is a class of parsimonious assistants, who, when they have to pay out for their meals, lodgings, etc., become very mean, and put up with anything so as to save a few shillings, in many cases in neglect of all comfort, and with no regard to their future well-being.

I had occasion some time ago to call at one of our assistant's lodgings, and was astonished to find him in such a poor neighbourhood, and with such miserable accommodation. The house was a poor one, and badly furnished, and there were four beds in a room. The furniture and the surroundings were of the poorest description, and at nine o'clock at night I found that the room had not been attended to; in fact, it was even worse than the one I saw at Bethnal Green at the small draper's mentioned above.

We ourselves believe in the system of partial board; that is to say, we give each assistant dinner and tea. By this means we know that they are well catered for, and that every man has a good square meal in the middle of the day; there is always a choice of cold or hot meat, and then they have tea in the afternoon.

Most of our men live considerable distances out of town, and in many cases they are married and have homes of their own; so I really think this is the ideal way for large establishments to cater for their staff. They are sure, then, that the men do get a substantial dinner, and not, as many do, satisfy their hunger with bread and cheese, four ale, and a smoke from a stale pipe, returning to their work after the dinner-hour not in the freshest condition.

I think you will see by these few remarks that there is something to be said on both sides of the question; but I am still of opinion that if assistants act in a sensible manner and seek suitable lodgings in healthy neighbourhoods, and do not spend their evenings in bar parlours or billiard rooms, that living out is more conducive to manliness, health, and happiness.

A. W. Gamage

"I am thirty-five years old," announced a woman of fifty-six at a tea party.

"And I am twenty-six," said the woman of forty-five. Then, turning to a girl of seventeen, who stood near by, she asked: "How old are you, Ethel?"

"Oh," replied Ethel, "according to present reckoning, I'm not born yet!"

An old physician was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods. A lady called him in to treat her baby, who was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor oil.

"But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor oil is such an old-fashioned remedy."

"Madam," replied the doctor, "babies are old-fashioned things."

FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE KILLED BY A DOG.

Science is only just beginning to realise the immensely important part played by the lower animals in the dissemination of disease. Hence, the new war of extermination against rats.

For a thousand years and more, public opinion in India, and the Far East generally, has blamed these vermin for spreading the Plague. But it was only so late as the great outbreak in Hong-Kong, in 1894, that the fact was indisputably and scientifically proved.

Since then, isolated campaigns against rats have been carried on in different parts of the world, with the result that the terrible disease has been stamped out, at all events, temporarily, in districts where it was once continuously endemic.

And now scientists are turning their attention to other animals, with startling results. The "harmless, necessary cat," for instance, has been found to be, if necessary, certainly not harmless, for it has been clearly proved to have carried from house to house, and from person to person, such deadly diseases as smallpox, scarlet fever, and consumption.

Dogs, too, can carry infection along with them, as was clearly proved at Constantinople in 1865, when a single animal, entering the city from an infected district, started a cholera epidemic that killed more than 50,000 people. The dog, a valuable chow, was taken into his house by a dragoman, and a few hours later he and all his family were stricken down with the complaint, which spread thence to all parts of the city, even the Sultan's palace being invaded.

At New Orleans, again, in 1878, a terrible epidemic of yellow fever was traced to some pigs, imported into the city from an outlying farm, the occupants of which had had the complaint.

Read "Do It Now" and save yourself ten years of failures and mistakes.

One of Mr. Chorley's Adventures
Related by
ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

"OH, Henry," said Mrs. Chorley, the other evening, "I quite forgot to tell you that Mrs. Chillup looked in this morning. She and Mr. Chillup and Tommy are going to stay the night at her mother's place in London."

"I'll make a careful note of the information, if you like, my dear," replied Chorley. "But I really don't see what it's got to do with me."

"Why, you know there's her parrot and the gold-fish and the canary and little Tommy's rabbits, and I told Mrs. Chillup that you'd be quite agreeable to running in and feeding them for her."

"Oh, did you?" exclaimed Chorley, a little petulantly. "What's Chillup going to do? Why can't he come down and feed the things?"

"Well, you could hardly expect him to come all the way from London to-night just for that," protested Mrs. Chorley. "I told Mrs. Chillup you'd be only too delighted to do it, as they've always been very nice neighbours."

Chorley grumbled a good deal, but, as there was no way out of it, he went and fetched his hat, and, muttering a remark to the effect that he wouldn't be many minutes, he took up the latchkey that the Chillups had left for him, and set off.

The first thing that had to be done on entering the house was to light the hall gas. He struck a match therefore and turned the burner on full; but there were no results worth talking about. Mr. Chillup, a careful man, had evidently turned the gas off at the meter before leaving home, and had omitted to mention the fact. The match that Chorley had struck, however, revealed a packet of birdseed on the hall-table, and it occurred to him that he might perhaps be able to get along without lighting the gas after all.

He felt his way across the hall to the dining room where he expected he would find the parrot, and on reaching out his hand was a little pained to find that he had stuck it into the goldfish bowl in the dark. He withdrew it with a cry of alarm as he wasn't sure whether goldfish bite or not; and however willing a man may be to oblige his neighbours, he doesn't want to get bitten over it.

As he dried his hand on his pocket handkerchief he heard a "coo-coo!" from the kitchen. He said to himself at once that he might have guessed that the parrot would be kept there, and snatching up the birdseed, he hurried to the kitchen and struck another match. The light revealed to him the fact that he was preparing to offer a rich meal of expensive seeds to—the Chillups' cuckoo clock.

It became clear to Chorley that he would have to find the gas meter and get a proper light started. Gas meters are usually kept in cellars; but as there was no cellar to the Chillups' house, Chorley dipped into the cupboard under the stairs. Surely enough there was the gas meter. He made a dive for it, and as he did so his shoulder knocked against something on an adjoining shelf. The next moment it was raining spoons and forks on the back of his neck, and as some of the spoons were wrapped up in half-dozens they came down with a shock that fairly rattled Chorley's back teeth, and some of his comments at the moment were a little hasty. The Chillups had evidently hidden their plate basket in the cupboard for greater security, and, like most people who hide things for that purpose, they had simply put them where they could not fail to attract attention.

The next moment it was raining spoons and forks.

"Pity people can't manage their own confounded business themselves," Chorley growled. Then as he left the cupboard he added. "Ph-e-ew! what an awful smell of gas!"

There certainly was an escape of gas somewhere. Chorley struck a match, and then remembering suddenly that it is not wise to introduce a light in the neighbourhood of an escape of gas, he blew it out in a panic-stricken hurry, and congratulated himself on not having been blown through one of the windows, a fate which usually happens to people in the daily papers under similar circumstances. It then occurred to him all at once that the gas was escaping from the bracket in the hall, which he had turned on and omitted to turn off again.

Having settled the matter satisfactorily, Chorley returned to the dining-room and lit the gas there. On a side table the parrot, disturbed by the sudden light, was climbing about its cage with all the feverish haste of a young man trying to break the walking record to Brighton. Chorley gathered up a handful of maize and opened the door of the cage, intending to put the food inside. But the parrot didn't take it in that light at all. It was evidently a nervous parrot that looked under its bed for burglars every night before going to roost, and as Chorley's hand came into the cage the bird chattered wildly as if it were resolved to sell its life dearly, or at least with no discount for cash.

Chorley saw the vase and parrot reel off the mantel-piece.

"Pretty Polly," said Chorley insinuatingly, "Pretty Pol—ow, ow!"

The broken-up nature of the last part of Chorley's address was due to the fact that Pretty Poll had jerked her head forward and snicked a piece out of his finger, doubtless in her hurry to live up to the proverb that teaches us the value of getting the first blow. Chorley withdrew his hand in a frightful hurry, and, as he left the door of the cage open, Pretty Poll slipped out and perched on the clock on the mantel-piece.

This introduced a new element of excitement into the proceedings. Chorley was busy for the moment tying up his wounded finger, but he kept his eye on the parrot while he backed to the door and shut it to prevent the bird's escape. He watched it hop from the clock to a delicate vase, and then with a sinking feeling he saw the vase and the parrot reel off the mantelpiece together and end up with a frightful crash in the fender. Some unauthorised person had evidently taught the parrot a few suitable comments for contingencies of this sort, and the bird rose to the occasion magnificently.

After the first surprise, Chorley rushed forward with the view of catching the Pretty Poll and returning her to her cage. He made a grab at her, and landed in the coal-scuttle, while Polly, continuing her wild comments on the extraordinary treatment that was being meted out to an inoffensive single lady like herself, fluttered over to the window curtains, and climbed rapidly up them hand over hand—or the equivalent in bird gymnastics.

Chorley began to get nervous. If he didn't get Polly back in her cage there would be trouble. He didn't think much of the Chillups himself, but Mrs. Chillup and Mrs. Chorley were close friends, and he knew that if he didn't do the right thing by the parrot, he would hear of it for a good long while. His first impulse was to throw the poker at the parrot and endeavour to bring it down from its perch in that way; but, remembering there was a window behind the curtain, he concluded that it would be a risky thing to aim at a target with a glass background.

He therefore tried strategy. He walked up to the curtain, to the top of which the parrot was clinging in great fright, and tried to shake Pretty Polly down. But Polly only climbed a little higher up and made a lot more remarks which, if they had been flung at him by a man of his own size, Chorley would have resented rather actively. As he couldn't dislodge the bird at the first pull, he gave a second and more violent tug. There was a crack and a splutter, and down came the curtain, pole and all with a clatter to the floor.

He found the pail at the back of the house.

Chorley was rather scared for the moment. But the disaster had its bright side for tightly wrapped in the folds of the curtain was the parrot—a safe prisoner. Chorley felt rather inclined to chuckle, if anything. In two minutes he had Pretty Poll back in her cage; and then he turned to the canary and the goldfish. These were easy to manage, however; and there only remained the rabbits which were kept in a hutch against the fence opposite the back door. All that Chorley had to do was to put some food, which had been left already mixed, within reach of the animals, and then retire.

He found the pail with the bran inside it at the back of the house and went through into the garden. In his own house there was only one step between the scullery door and the ground; but, as it happened, the Chillups' house had two steps. Chorley did not know this at the time. He did not find it out till he fell sprawling with a frightened yell against the rabbit hutch, while the pail went clattering along the flagstones for some yards.

At the same moment, a door in the next house was opened suddenly and a rough voice called, "Jack, Jack!" Then the owner of the rough voice came out into the next door garden, while "Jack," a wild and excited little dog, made desperate plunges at the fence in the hope of being able to break through and bite somebody.

"Who's there?" asked the newcomer abruptly. "It's no good your trying to hide. My dog'll soon have you out of that if you don't come of your own accord."

"Don't be absurd," replied Chorley, rising to his feet with a weary effort. "I was coming out to feed the rabbits and my foot slipped and——"

"Rabbits yourself!" retorted the other. "They're not your rabbits. What business is it of yours whether they're fed or not. They belong to my neighbour Chillup. You must have heard he was away and have sneaked in. I believe you were after my fowls!"

"After your fowls!" gasped Chorley, while "Jack" made absolutely pathetic efforts to crawl under the fence and start the fighting.

"Yes," said the other. "I've missed a good many lately and——"

"But I live close by, myself," protested Chorley. "My name's Chorley——"

"Oh, Chorley, eh?" replied the other. "I've heard of you from my friend Mr. Wimbleby. You'd better be careful of how you're carrying on, my man. There's two or three of us watching you. I shall inquire into this business to-morrow. I'm not going on losing valuable fowls in this way."

Chorley was going to reply, but on reflection he decided that the best thing to be said was nothing, and he went into the house, and shortly afterwards returned to his own home.

A day or two later Mrs. Chorley told her husband that Mrs. Chillup was afraid he hadn't locked up the house properly after him, as burglars had been there and turned out the plate basket and torn the curtains and broken no end of things. Fortunately, however, the thieves must have been disturbed in their work as nothing had been actually stolen. And Chorley said, "Dear, dear!"

(Mr. Golsworthy will relate another of Chorley's adventures next week.)

ANXIOUS MOTHER: "Oh, professor, don't you think my dear little Reginald will ever learn to draw?"

Professor Crayon: "No, madam—not unless you harness him to a truck."

HIS MOTHER: "What are you moping about the house for, Tommy? Why don't you go over and play with Charley Pinafore?"

Tommy: "'Cause I played with Charley Pinafore yesterday, and I don't s'pose he's well enough yet."

You will find "Do It Now" the most valuable book you have ever read. Price one shilling, of all booksellers.

How Nations are Endeavouring to Prevent It.

We are progressing with alarming rapidity towards a period when the world may be woodless. Every 3,000 copies of your favourite daily or weekly journal uses up a tree—probably a spruce—in the creation of the wood-pulp, or cellulose, from which its paper is made. Each mile of single line railway laid down means the destruction of about 400 forest giants—mainly pines and oaks—in order to furnish sleepers. A thread factory may in a single day use up a whole grove of birches for spool wood. On the Continent the manufacture of wood alcohol literally wolfs woodlands.

These are merely isolated examples. They might be multiplied indefinitely, because, in every direction, the world's forests are being consumed far faster than they can possibly be replaced under existing conditions. England has only 5 per cent. of her total area under woodland. Scotland only 4 per cent., and Erin's Green Isle has only a little over 1 per cent. left to represent the forests that once clothed her to the summits of her mountains.

The United States Forest officials admit that the supply of natural native timber will hardly outlast the present generation.

Is it wonderful, then, that Governments are becoming tree planters? Our own has recently awakened to the serious character of the outlook, and has taken Ireland in hand.

HOW IRELAND LOST HER FORESTS.

During the constant wars which prevailed there for so many centuries the forests were swept away by fire and by neglect; their destruction affecting the rainfall and natural drainage, so that over great areas the land lapsed into the shivering bogs we now associate with it.

All this is to be changed if a scheme, which the authorities have in hand, is carried out. Its most remarkable feature is the creation of a wind screen of trees along the top of the cliffs of the exposed western coast.

When that has grown it is believed that it will, as once before, prevent the salt Atlantic gales from sweeping over and souring the land behind it. But, besides that, it is suggested that nearly three million acres now absolutely naked of any profitable growth should be replanted with trees in belts and clumps which, as they rise, will render cultivable large areas in their vicinity, now quaking morass. All this will cost fully twenty millions spread over thirty years.

In Scotland also the Government is beginning to guard against the contingency of a wood famine. Twelve thousand acres, near Loch Awe, in Argyllshire, have recently been acquired for the purpose of forming a State Forest. At present the district is practically bare of timber.

Very few of our great cities have now opportunity to make money by planting trees, but Glasgow is amongst the fortunate few, and is considering the question of going in for the business on a large scale. Some years ago a generous benefactor bestowed upon the municipality, on behalf of the citizens, a great estate lying along the shores of the Clyde fiord known as Loch Goil.

WON'T GLASGOW BE PLEASED!

It is a wild expanse of mountain and moor, now let as a sheep farm; but it was once heavily timbered, and it is believed that, if reafforested now, it will, during the next generation, yield an income sufficient to appreciably reduce the city's taxation.

There is already ample precedent for such a result. In Scandinavia and in Germany there are towns which pay their way entirely by profits on judiciously planted woodland. In Baden, for example, Freudenstadt not only provides its inhabitants with free wood, pasturage, water, schooling, roads, public lighting, amusements, and medicine, but pays each of them a yearly bonus.

It is not to be wondered at that, under all the circumstances, some States are protecting trees almost as private owners protect game. In some parts of North America the law requires that any lumberman wilfully, or even carelessly, damaging growing trees in the course of his employment, must be at once dismissed by his employer, and be banished from the woods. In California it is a penal offence to damage certain groves of "mammoth" pines, and regulations for the cutting of these so-called redwood trees, along the Pacific slope, are now of the most stringent character.

As for the offender who foolishly sets fire to growing timber, he is sometimes lynched without mercy.

GAS FOR NOTHING.

And How to Get It.

In almost every town, large or small, in which gas is consumed, there is at least one man who is privileged to use as much of the illuminant as he chooses "free, gratis, and for nothing." He has no necessity to consume coal in any form. He may heat every room in his establishment with gas, and do the whole of his cooking by the same convenient means, without fear of having his extravagances recorded against him on the dial of a tell-tale meter.

This lucky individual is the chief engineer to the gas company of the particular town in which he resides.

The privilege, which is denied to chairman, directors, and shareholders, is accorded to most chief engineers as a perquisite of office. His house is directly connected with the main, and, did he desire, he might burn gas day and night, in the most lavish manner, without affording the company the slightest clue of the whereabouts of the leakage.

Most gas consumers—whose bills, of course, are "never accurate," and who solemnly assert that their alleged consumption is thousands of feet in excess of the actual one—will envy the man who can, with impunity, light his six-light chandelier the moment the shadows of dusk begin to fall.

But all who desire to experience this enviable delight should follow the advice of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., and endeavour to become chief engineer to a prosperous gas company. The rest will be quite easy. Though the meter is non-existent, the house of the engineer is sometimes visited by the meter inspector, who, if he is new to the district, generally imagines he has unearthed a colossal scheme of fraud. Quite recently the house of the chief engineer to one of the gas companies of the second city in the country was visited by an inspector.

"Do you burn gas here?" he asked of the domestic who answered the door.

"Yes, sir," she truthfully replied, "a great deal."

"May I see the meter?" asked the inspector.

"We 'aven't got no meter," was the equally truthful response.

The inspector pricked up his ears.

"Oh! no meter, eh! 'Ain't you a-makin' some mistake, my gal?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I should like to see for myself," said this zealous servant of the company, producing an important-looking notebook. The girl led the way to the meter-box, and the inspector, to his astonishment, saw only a stop-cock between the house and the main.

He had discovered a tremendous fraud! Promotion was certain! He made an elaborate note! He dropped his mantle of humility and assumed a dignified tone of command.

"Who is the tenant of this house?" he inquired menacingly from the servant girl.

"Please, sir, he's the gas engineer," replied the girl timidly.

"The gas engineer," repeated the inspector in consternation. "Oh, thank you very much, thank you! It's all right! Good morning, Miss! Good morning!" and he went away in a tremendous hurry.

HARROW ETIQUETTE.

Harrow is not strong in customs; but even the school on the hill has a few peculiar to itself.

One of the most singular is that which strikes every visitor—the hugging of the wall in the street by small boys, whether they are in flannels or out of them, whether they are covered with mud or immaculately clean and smart, whether other and older pedestrians are elbowed into the gutter or not.

Never do you see the younger Harrovians walking in the road. Why? Because that is "swagger," a crime of the first magnitude.

No; custom prescribes that the place for any boy who is not a "three-yearer" is as close to the wall as he can possibly get.

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RICHARD J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

By "Gamekeeper."

I am quite certain that there is a difference between the degree of sensation of pain in man and dumb creatures. That is to say, a man feels a given amount of intensity of pain more acutely than, say, a rabbit. Or, to put it another way, man's sensitiveness to so much pain is greater than that of a rabbit.

The acuteness, or, otherwise, of pain depends on the combined action of the brain and nerves—the source or all feeling or sensation. It will be readily granted that human beings' brains and nervous systems are more delicately adjusted than those of dumb creatures'.

Besides, man is blessed with the ability to feel pain in an anticipatory manner, which, curiously enough, is often more acute than the pain itself, and the thought of a coming operation is often enough to cause a man intense nervous suffering.

Now, a creature, unless it had been recently operated upon, would derive no unpleasant anticipation from the sight of dozens of knives, saws, and bandages. True, it would probably struggle furiously to get free when placed on the operating table, but its feelings would simply take the form of a desire for a more natural position and place—no anticipation of pain or ghastly feeling of faintness.

A dog gets to know pretty quickly that the production of a whip indicates a whipping—pain more or less, and disgrace. But if you accustom it to the appearance of a whip, followed by some dainty morsel of food, its tail, instead of being sheepishly tucked between its legs, would be brandished with unmistakable pleasure at the mere sight of the whip.

BIT OUT ITS OWN TAIL.

To all creatures pain is nothing compared to the fact of restraint or capture. This may be proved by watching a rabbit caught in a snare or trap.

Not only during the first shock of capture, but till it becomes exhausted, will it struggle frantically, more or less continuously—this, in spite of the fact that a human being who acted thus in like evil case would cause at each effort pain unendurable.

A creature seems to forget that a limb suddenly injured is part of itself, and often vents its disapproval of the pain of restraint coming from that particular part by biting it. I do not think that this biting is an instinctive method of counter irritation.

I had a dormouse whose tail got nipped by the lid of his sleeping-box, though it was not really badly hurt. I was greatly surprised next morning to find that this mouse had amputated his own tail.

A curious and highly interesting point regarding the question of pain in animals and dumb creatures is that they are not necessarily able to locate the seat of pain.

A rat, whose front leg is broken in the jaws of a gin, will sometimes bite the trapped or offending limb, and so escape, having, by struggling chiefly, traced the source of restraint.

This biting of an uninjured and unrestrained part seems, therefore, to be a valuable indication that a rat (or other dumb creature) does not feel pain precisely as man does.

THROUGH BROKEN GLASS TO LIBERTY.

For the following reasons I have come to the conclusion that the sensation of creature pain is less acute than man's. Supposing that a terrier while scratching for a rat gets his paws cut by contact with broken glass—though he may make another half-hearted attempt, he will relinquish the enterprise in that particular direction.

Why? Because the pain accruing from the broken glass happens to be the most distasteful circumstance just then.

But if the same dog were imprisoned and could only escape by tearing his way through broken glass, or if he were caught in a gin, and his foot badly injured—then the pain from broken glass or injured foot would be comparatively insignificant to the pain of imprisonment.

A stoat was trapped in a gin three times, and on each occasion it gnawed off the offending limb and escaped.

To illustrate how much more sensitive is the nervous system of a man than a creature's—a human being is often stated to have died on the spot from shock, as the result of an accident or operation, though the direct local result of either was not in the least likely to have caused death.

Unless the cause of its wound has acted upon a vital part, I do not think that a creature ever dies from nervous shock.

What other men have done you can do. Get "DO IT NOW" and learn the secret of their success.

"BLUEBOTTLE LIGHTS"—NO. XI. *Concluded.*

The GILL'S HILL LANE TRAGEDY.

By DICK DONOVAN.

IN the early part of last century Gill's Hill Lane, near Elstree, Herts, was the scene of a brutal murder. Three men, Thurtell, Hunt, and Probert, planned to lavelgle William Weare to Probert's house there, and murder and rob him. Thurtell, who had a grudge against Weare, drove his victim down in a gig, and on arrival rammed a pistol through his brain and cut his throat. The three ghouls then hid the body in a pond at Probert's residence.

HAVING completed the ghastly work, the men returned to the house. Thurtell and Hunt remained in the parlour all night, but Probert went to his wife's bedroom, and found her weeping bitterly. She asked him what he had been doing, but he told her it was nothing that could in any way injure him. Nevertheless, she was terribly distressed, and wept all night, refusing to be comforted.

Developments were now rapid. Thurtell and Hunt had been planning the crime for weeks, yet the actual murderer proved himself to be the most stupid of bunglers. On Saturday morning, soon after daylight, he went out to search for the lost pistol and knife, but failed to find them. He was met by two humble labourers, who were engaged in mending the roadway in the lane. To them he told a story of his having been thrown out of his gig the previous night, which he said would account for the patches of blood that they had seen near the spot where the deed was done.

Not wishing to continue his search while they were there, he returned to the cottage, and the labourers, whose curiosity had been aroused, hunted about, and in the end found the blood-stained pistol and knife, which they promptly conveyed to their master, the owner of the farm, a Mr. Nicholls.

It also chanced that a farmer living in the neighbourhood was driving to his home the previous night accompanied by his wife, and was going along the other lane, which runs at right angles with Gill's Hill, when the report of a gun or pistol rang out on the night air.

The farmer wanted to alight and proceed to the spot from whence the report came, but his wife was dreadfully frightened, and begged him not to go, so he drove to his home. But the next morning he lost no time in acquainting Mr. Nicholls, who was also his landlord, with the incident, and expressed his belief that murder had been done.

A FRESH HIDING-PLACE.

For some reason or other Nicholls does not seem to have moved in the matter until the following Tuesday, when he went to St. Albans, lodged information with the magistrate then sitting, and gave up the blood-stained knife and the pistol with blood and hair still adhering to it.

On the Saturday morning Thurtell and Hunt drove back to town, taking the murdered man's property with them.

On Sunday they left London again, and returned to the Gill's Hill Cottage. As Probert insisted on the body being removed from his pond, Thurtell said that he and Hunt would dig a grave, and they did actually commence to dig a hole in a potato field adjoining, as soon as it was dark, but they found the work too laborious, and gave it up. Owing to Probert's protests, they promised that the following night they would remove it, and as they wanted to get the youth who acted as groom out of the way, as they were afraid his suspicions would be aroused, they took him to London on the Monday morning, under the pretence that they wished him to make some stable purchases, and they secured him lodgings for that day, and at once returned to Gill's Hill.

The same evening they dragged the body from Probert's pond, and, placing it in the gig, drove to a pond a short distance towards Elstree, on the north side. It is close to the road, or was, for very little of the pond remains, though the tiny brook that fed it is still visible. Well weighted with stones, the corpse, still tied in the sack, was thrown into the deepest part of the pond, which was part of a marsh, and thickly hedged about with reeds and rushes.

Believing that they had now got rid of the ghastly thing most effectually, they hurried to town unmindful that the hue and cry had already been started. The blood in the lane and the knife and pistol suggested crime, and, as Weare was missed, inquiries were made.

Nicholls went over to St. Albans on Tuesday, and gave up the pistol and knife, and with all speed officers were dispatched to Bow Street, where a warrant for the arrest of Probert, Thurtell, and Hunt was applied for. That night Hunt and Thurtell were arrested at their respective lodgings, while Probert was taken at Gill's Hill.

On Thurtell's person was found the fellow pistol to the one picked up in the lane, and this fact went a long way towards ensuring his conviction. An inquiry was immediately opened, and the three prisoners, being interrogated by a magistrate, it was soon made clear that they had guilty knowledge, which they strove hard to conceal. At last Hunt broke down under the strain of cross-examination, and, hoping to save himself, he confessed that Weare had been murdered, and he offered to conduct the officers to the spot where the corpse was concealed. This he did, and the body, which was in a terrible state, was conveyed to the Artichoke Inn at Elstree, where an inquest was opened within a few hours.

In that little, quaint public-house there was unfolded a tale of brutality, ferocity, and callousness which shocked everyone who heard it; while the evidence that was forthcoming was so overwhelmingly conclusive that the coroner's jury had no difficulty in pronouncing a verdict of guilty against the three accused men, and they were committed for trial at the Hertfordshire Assizes.

A certificate was also issued for the burial of the victim in the churchyard of Elstree Old Church.

EXHUMATION AT MIDNIGHT.

After lying in the grave for some weeks, it was found that there was a missing link in the evidence being got together for the trial. It appeared that on the night of the murder, when Thurtell and his victim were driving from London to Radlett, they stopped at the White Lion, Edgware. The ostler at this place, who attended to the horse, had been called upon to identify Thurtell as one of the two men who had been there. He had no difficulty in swearing to Thurtell; but by a very singular oversight, he was not taken to view the dead man at the inquest, in order to say if he recognised him as the companion of Thurtell on the fatal night.

When this oversight was discovered, the necessity of the missing link being supplied was acknowledged, and there was nothing else for it but an exhumation of the body. Consequently, an order was issued to that effect, the opinion of a medical man having been obtained that the features of Weare would be recognisable.

To avoid a scene, should the public get to know of the exhumation, it was kept as secret as possible, and it was decided that the grave should be opened at midnight.

The night chosen happened to be a peculiarly stormy one. Rain fell in torrents, and a gale of wind drove it in blinding sheets across the landscape.

The three scoundrels dragging the pond to recover Weare's body.

From an old print.]

The work proved to be of a most difficult character. The heavy rains which had fallen, almost incessantly for weeks, had turned the ground into a swamp, and as fast as the soil was removed, the grave caved in again. The high wind added to the discomfort of the party by constantly extinguishing the lanterns.

BUTTERED TOAST IN THE DOCK.

At last, after hours of the most terrible labour, the coffin was reached. It was found to be so water-logged, that it was only raised to the surface by the united efforts of nearly everyone present. The lid was now unscrewed, when the sight that presented itself in the dim light of the flickering lanterns was so unutterably horrible that everyone turned away. Recognition was out of the question, and with a sigh of relief the coffin was quickly closed up and lowered into the grave again, which by that time was half full of water.

The Assizes opened on December 4th, 1823, at Hertford, and the grand jury, having been sworn in, a true bill was at once returned against Hunt and Thurtell, and it was announced that Probert would be admitted as King's evidence.

On the second day of the proceedings the three prisoners were brought from the prison to the court-house, under an exceptionally strong guard of "Javelin men." Hunt and Thurtell were loaded with chains, but Probert was unfettered.

It may be mentioned as a curious custom of the time that, as soon as the prisoners were placed in the dock, and before the proceedings commenced, a waiter appeared, bearing a tray, on which was a goodly supply of coffee and buttered toast for the prisoners, who were allowed to partake of the meal in open court. It may also be mentioned that the hour was *seven o'clock* in the morning, and at 7.30 Mr. Justice Park, who was to try the case, took his seat on the Bench, accompanied by Earl Cowper, the Marquis of Salisbury, and Lord Duncannon, while the body of the court was packed to suffocation.

After some preliminary formalities, the following questions were put to each prisoner:

"How do you plead?"

"Not guilty!"

"How tried?"

"By God and my country."

After this an application was made for a postponement of the trial, on the grounds of the strong feeling aroused against the prisoners by the violent articles written in the public Press. After a long argument, the trial was accordingly postponed until January 6th, 1824, at eight o'clock in the morning.

When it was resumed on that date the quaint and usually sleepy old town of Hertford was so crowded that it was said vehicles could not pass along the streets, as the people were wedged tightly together. All through the bitter winter night a human stream had been pouring in. From London alone thousands came. The public-houses did a roaring trade; hungry people fought to get into the eating and coffee houses. The cost for lodgings went up to a fabulous price. Admission to the court was by ticket, and every available inch was occupied as soon as it was opened at the early hour of seven in the morning.

THURTELL'S REMARKABLE SPEECH.

Every paper in London sent down reporters, and there were hundreds of post-horses engaged to convey the copy to town as the journalists wrote it.

As soon as the proceedings began the prosecution announced that they did not intend to offer any evidence against Probert. That was necessary to his being admitted King's evidence. He was at once removed from the dock, where he had stood with the other prisoners unfettered, the other two being heavily ironed.

The trial lasted two long days, and extended through the greater part of a night. A very large number of witnesses were examined, and the evidence was overwhelmingly conclusive of the guilt of the prisoners.

When Thurtell was called upon to plead in his own defence, he delivered a remarkable speech, which occupied nearly three hours. It was a speech of extraordinary ability, and proved that the prisoner was well-educated and well-read. It made a deep impression on all who heard it, but it did not prevent the jury finding him guilty.

Hunt had little to say; he was such a coward that several times he nearly fainted and had to be revived with brandy. He, too, was found guilty. The judge, in sentencing them to death, did so in the most solemn and emotional manner. He described the crime as one "of the most foul, most bloody, and deliberate murders that have ever been perpetrated or punished."

Hunt was subsequently reprieved, the sentence of death being commuted to penal servitude for life. But for weeks he remained in uncertainty, and his mental sufferings are described as "frightful."

Three days later Thurtell was hanged outside Hertford Gaol.

It is on record that so great was the curiosity to witness the death-scene of this brutal murderer, that hundreds of people rode or drove from such distant parts as Scotland and the extreme South of England; while scores came from Ireland. Upwards of a hundred thousand persons were present, and there were many casualties.

After hanging an hour, Thurtell's body was cut down, and in compliance with the peculiar law of the period, was subjected to what was called "The anatomising process," after which it was dispatched to London and taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital the same evening.

It was exposed to public view for several days, until finally it was handed over to the dissectors, the skeleton being afterwards set up and placed in the museum of the hospital, where it is probably at the present day. It is not a little curious that the rascal Probert was subsequently hanged for horse-stealing. So that retribution claimed its own at last. He was a thorough-paced scoundrel, and deserved his fate.

(*Next week: "The Phœnix Park Murders."*)

Don't be content with your present position. Read "Do It Now!" and rise above the ruck. Price one shilling, of all booksellers.

Picked Pars.

Will Whistle no More.

A fine specimen of the whooper, or whistling swan, an Arctic species, measuring 7ft., has just been shot in Sempringham Fen, Lincolnshire.

Linger Longer.

"It's the safest way to secure a burglar to leave him something to drink. Then he doesn't get away with the swag," said the magistrate at Greenwich recently.

Boodle in Breeches.

An alien, remanded on a charge of begging at Thames Police Court, London, recently, was found to be wearing two pairs of trousers. Sewn up in the lining of the inner pair was £4 18s. 6d. in silver.

Free Washing.

For saving a boy from drowning, Constable Setter, of the M Division Metropolitan Police, who learned to swim at the local municipal baths, has been awarded a free pass to the baths for life by the Southwark Borough Council.

Waltzed in the Water.

It was explained at the last meeting of Donegal County Council that a bridge which connects Cruit Island with the mainland collapsed while a number of young people had assembled on it for a dance, many of them being thrown into the sea.

Canvassing Tramps.

West Ham Guardians have decided to supply tramps who tear up their clothes with canvas suits, an amendment that they be lined with flannel being lost.

Fond of Flowers.

During 1907, states a return, 2,962,714 persons visited the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew—an increase of 623,222 on the year 1906, when a record was established.

Good Watch Dog.

After annexing a number of valuable artistic fittings from St. Andrew's Church, Roker, Sunderland, the thieves decamped with the small terrier dog belonging to the vicar.

Bread Upon the Waters.

To a clerk who befriended him when a pauper, Mr. Otto Kuenzler, a wealthy resident of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, has bequeathed the sum of £14,000 in recognition of his services.

Now's Your Chance.

Mr. Charles Frohman, who has been notified of the weddings of three members of "The Gay Gordons" company, promises to make a handsome wedding gift to the next bride from the same company, and to the next so long as there are any marriageable girls left.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

Mightily Slimed.

Addressing the Marylebone County Court judge, a barrister remarked: "That is easily eased—that is easily used—I mean, that is easily used."

Enthusiasm.

At a concert given at Genoa by Signor Toselli, husband of the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, a free fight took place among the spectators regarding the quality of the music.

A Black Outlook.

A New York coalman, mistaking a sewer manhole for the coal shoot of a house, emptied two tons of coal into it. He was arrested for violating a corporation by-law.

Loved the Family.

Falling in love with the widowed mother of a young lady to whom he was engaged, a man named Parsons, of New Orleans, U.S.A., has married the former, and the daughter is now suing for breach of promise.

Prison or Policeman.

A Paris wine-shop keeper named Lemoine shot in the head a policeman whom his daughter insists on marrying. The policeman, who is in hospital, states he will not prosecute if Lemoine will consent to the marriage; but Lemoine says he would rather spend twenty years in prison than have a policeman as a son-in-law.

Picture Pars. *(See footline.)*

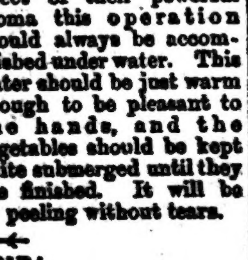
A carefully indexed handbook, entitled "Picture Paragraphs," containing a selection of the best of the pars used on this page, is now on sale at all bookstalls. Price One Shilling, or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Publisher, 18 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

PEELING ONIONS.

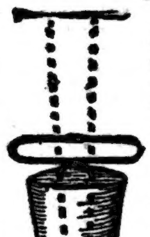
THERE are many sad things in life, but nothing will bring tears more readily to the eyes than the disagreeable, but frequently necessary, task of peeling onions. To escape the effect of their powerful aroma this operation should always be accomplished under water. This water should be just warm enough to be pleasant to the hands, and the vegetables should be kept quite submerged until they are finished. It will be found that this is a sure case of peeling without tears.

DRIP! DRIP!

THERE are few more annoying or worrying experiences than to lie awake at night listening to the monotonous drip, drip, of a cistern. Where baths are used in the evening, or where the taps in the bathroom have not been turned off properly, the inflow pipe to the cistern may keep up this maddening music all night. This illustration shows a simple method of getting rid of the nuisance. Tie a few strands of wire or pieces of tape to the end of the pipe as in (B), and allow them to dangle in the cistern. The water will run down them instead of dripping, and the noise which it formerly made will be completely done away with.



HANDLE FOR CORKS.



AFTER a cork has been withdrawn from an inkbottle or gumbottle and subsequently replaced, it is always a difficult matter to take it out for a second or third time without dirtying one's fingers. This illustration shows how an ingenious handle may be made out of a hairpin. Remove the cork from the bottle, and thrust an ordinary hairpin through it from the lower end. Then bend the pin as shown in the picture, and you will have a handle which will enable you to draw the cork easily and keep your fingers clean.

GETTING A DENT OUT.

FIGURE 1 shows an ordinary can suffering from a bad dent due to a fall or an accidental kick. To restore it to its proper contour might seem a difficult matter, but with the aid of a few dry peas it can be successfully accomplished. Drop the peas into the can until it is full, and then pour in water up to the brim and cork it up. As the peas swell they will push out the dent, and when the can has again assumed its former shape the peas may be emptied out and dried for future jobs. Rice will serve the purpose equally well.

RAILWAY GAS REGISTER.

THIS small instrument (A) something like a miniature clock, which may be seen just above the step-board of a railway carriage, is used for the purpose of registering the amount of gas contained in the cylinders. These cylinders are fixed underneath the carriages, and when they are being filled the instrument records the amount of gas placed in them. On foggy mornings or at night-time an official, by glancing at these registers, can quickly tell whether the carriages have sufficient illuminant to last them a journey.

PUTTING A "BEAD" ON IT.

THIS illustration shows how a bead may be put on the edge of a piece of shelving for decorative purposes without the aid of a beading plane. Insert an ordinary screw into a block of wood, leaving sufficient of it protruding to make your bead the correct width as shown in figures 2 and 4. The slot of the screw should be left tilted at an angle of 45 degrees with the top of the block. Then holding the block of wood, run the head of the screw up and down the shelving, when the slot will act as a plane, throwing up shavings and making the inside portion of the bead. The outside should afterwards be shaped with a small cutting plane.

P*A*R*S A*B*O*U*T F*O*O*T*B*A*L*L P*L*A*Y*E*R*S.

A Few Facts About Well-known Footballers.

M. Morgan-Owen (Corinthians).

As captain of the Corinthians M. Morgan-Owen naturally took a leading part in the unfortunate "split" between the amateurs and the Football Association, and now that Wales has sworn allegiance to that body, it means that the old Salopian has played his last International for his native country, which is, however he may look upon the matter himself, a great pity from the spectator's point of view, for he is a splendid centre half-back—a fine tackler, very quick to recover himself, tireless, and brimming over with enthusiasm and good sportsmanship.

He does not always feed his forwards as well as he might, and he is distinctly weak in heading the ball, but, apart from these two faults, he has few superiors in what is generally allowed to be the most arduous position on the field.

Mr. Morgan-Owen is an assistant master at Forest School, where he is in command of the cadet corps.

A. Ducat (Woolwich Arsenal).

IT is seldom that a footballer receives official recognition so early in his career as Andy Ducat, Woolwich Arsenal's right half-back, has.

Three months ago Ducat was practically unknown in big football: to-day he is right in the forefront of English halves, and he has already played for the South against the North.

And he has fully merited such an honour—an honour that is almost unique, in the circumstances—for he is a really fine player, strong, thoughtful, and clever alike in attack and defence.

Ducat is a Southend man, and he is very popular locally both as a cricketer and a footballer; indeed, when Surrey, for which county Ducat is qualified, were playing Essex last summer, his townspeople sent a petition to the Surrey authorities, asking that they would include Ducat in the team.

H. Fletcher (Grimsby).

HARRY FLETCHER is getting to be somewhat of a veteran now, but for all that he is still a clever inside forward—a fine dribbler, a good shot, and a very 'cute man at the art of midfield combination.

Before he went to Grimsby, Fletcher was with Fulham—then in the Southern League—and he was a great favourite with the Craven Cottage crowd, who loved him for his dashing play and the colour of his hair.

His first appearance at the Fulham headquarters was an historic one, by the way. He turned up in a brand new coster suit, replete with real pearlies, much to the astonishment of the club officials, who probably never dreamed that costermongering and football ability occasionally went together.

H. C. Broomfield (Manchester United).

ALTHOUGH he is at present only second choice for the position of goalkeeper to his club—Moger has been "holding the fort" in great style this season, and it would take a man of very exceptional ability to displace him on present form—Herbert Broomfield is one of the most important figures in Association football to-day.

He is the secretary of the recently formed Players' Union, a body which contains well over three hundred of the most prominent professional footballers of the age, and which may be responsible for bringing about some startling developments in the football world before very long.

Broomfield is admirably fitted to fill the position to which he has been elected by his footballing brethren; for he is not only a man of education, but he is also a man of tact and even and genial temperament. By profession he is a decorator and painter, and he studied landscape painting—of which he is no mean exponent—under one of Professor Herkomer's pupils.

A. Leonard (Plymouth Argyle).

MUCH of Plymouth Argyle's success this season is due to their very smart line of forwards, and among them the cleverest is certainly Arthur Leonard. He is a real artist with the ball, and if he were only more consistent would undoubtedly have made for himself a far greater reputation than he has, for on his day he has few equals as a "brainy" inside-right.

His nomadic temperament has also probably told against him in this respect, for no man who changes his club practically every season, as he does, can do himself and his abilities full justice. A settled environment and a perfect familiarity with one's fellow-players and their methods are two very important things in the making of a great footballer.

Leonard is one of the very few footballers who have played under a "stage" name. This was "Bamford," and his use of this name while with Reading some seasons ago got him into the bad books of the F.A.

W. Bull (Tottenham Hotspur).

IN form and fit—he has been particularly unfortunate in the matter of accidents this season—Walter Bull is one of the cleverest and most versatile footballers of the day.

Centre half is his favourite and best position, but he can and has occupied every place in the field with credit to himself and his side. With Notts County, with whom he was for years before coming south to the 'Spurs, Bull started at outside left; he has played in every position forward, and also half back and back, and, in an emergency, in goal.

He is exceedingly keen on the game—in fact, his keenness almost amounts to a passion—and he is one of the most intelligent footballers of the day. Many of his subtle moves on the field have been carefully worked out by means of a draught-board and men in his spare time; and much of his command over the ball is due to assiduous private practice—often alone during the close season.

A pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page! Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

The Solving of the Problem.

FERGUSON found Jess sitting beneath Thornycroft's Mercury in the Circus. The fog that had threatened since the rain stopped was already creeping over the West-end; but he found no difficulty in recognising the flower seller from Maggie's description.

"Button-hole, gentleman? Nice roses—violets?"

Jess's eye was exceedingly black this Sabbath morning, for her husband always left marks of his devotion on her every Saturday evening. Ferguson informed her he only wanted a little chat with her, and she looked suspicious. She was exercised in her mind as to whether he were a detective or a journalist, and it took a long time to persuade her that he was a harmless, if foolish artist, and a friend of Maggie's.

"She can come along with me and welcome," the woman said eventually. "She might a'known that; but maybe she was afraid of my husband. But I only see him occasionally now, generally on Saturday night when he wants some money."

Ferguson explained all the circumstances concerning the tragedy of Maggie; but Jess had evidently read the newspapers and knew as much or more than he did. Before he left, she had promised to come to the studio that evening and fetch Maggie, and they agreed that, for the present, it would be safer for Maggie to earn her living by sitting to Ferguson than by selling flowers in the Circus. So Ferguson returned with almost a light heart. Westminster was already in the clutches of a yellow fog, and he was forced to grope his way up Root Street.

As he turned into the passage that led to the studio a man accosted him—a type of man one often sees standing in the gutters selling matches. A fine well-set-up man, dressed in the style of the British working man; but the yellow fog could not disguise the fact that his face was white and thin and drawn. He was, indeed, the conventional working man who had lost all hope and heart for work.

"Excuse me, but are you Mr. Ferguson?"

The artist sighed—more trouble. Was this a beggar or blackmailer?

"Yes, I am," he replied irritably. "What's the matter now?"

"Sorry to trouble you, guv'nor; but if you could let me have one word with you——"

"My good man, I'm hard up myself." He turned his trouser pockets inside out. "I haven't as much as a penny. I'm an artist and I'm as much use in this confounded country as you are. We are neither of us wanted; Heaven knows why we were created and why we weren't drowned when we were born. I suppose it's more moral to starve and to hang us when we're full grown than to wipe us out while we've no more sense or feeling than kittens or puppies."

The man looked astonished but sympathetic, and he followed Ferguson down the passage. "I know, guv'nor, them's my sentiments exactly, and I suppose if I'd any sense I'd wipe myself out now, but somehow a man don't do it easy while he's a man."

"Well, what is it you want?"

The man cleared his throat and drew the back of his hand across his mouth. "I've heard tell—never mind how—you've gone and taken an interest in a couple of kids, sort of connections they are of mine—Alf and Maggie."

Ferguson started, then laughed dryly. "What, another of them? Who the dickens are you?"

"I'm Jim, Jim Dempster; I married Alice, she's one of them——" the man replied with unintentional humour. "I was there the night Ma Druce was cooped."

Ferguson interrupted him. "I know all about it." He glanced in the direction of his studio. "I can't take you in there; are the pubs open yet?" He pulled out his watch and managed to decipher the time. "Yes; I should think London's finished praying, so now it can start drinking. Come along to the King's Head, I want to ask you a question or two."

Jim, the working man, nodded and followed Jim, the artist, down the empty street. It was quite easy to find the King's Head; it was the one bright spot in the whole of the dark street. Men who put their money into breweries and distilleries know their business, so do the men who run public houses. The windows shone with a warm glow; children and beggars were clustered outside, grateful when the doors swung open for the rush of hot air into the cold street. A pungent, sickly scent of alcohol hung around the pavement, unpleasant, yet luring.

Ferguson entered the private bar, it was practically empty; but from saloon and public bars came a babel of voices. The worship of the great god was in full swing, and the god was not the Bacchus of the ancients, but a very poor imitation. An unclean god whose veins are adulterated with impure blood, a god who makes men not merry but mad, a god who robs men of their manhood and women of their womanhood, and children of their strength. A god who robs those who worship at his shrine; but fills with gold the coffers of the rich, who enthrone him in the highways and byways of every city in the kingdom.

From pub to prison, the road is short and sharp. Ferguson hesitated just inside the doors, half inclined to beat a retreat. But where else was there he could take Jim Dempster?

He realised at that moment the tragedy of the working man and his wife, the tragedy of the street and the tenement, the tragedy of the poor, whose castle consists of one foul room—bedroom, workroom, sickroom, and kitchen.

Was it strange that the public houses and worse were full night and day? Was it strange that these creatures of dirt and darkness drank any poison a kindly Government permitted get-rich-quick-at-any-price landlords to offer them?

"Sit down," he said roughly to the working man. "What poison do you prefer?"

WHAT HAS ALREADY APPEARED.

MA DRUCE rules her household with a rod of iron. Her children (Maggie, the flower-seller, Alf, the paper-boy, and Alice; and Jim, the out-of-work son-in-law) are all victims of her tyrannous tongue. One daughter has been driven from home by her cruelty, and now leads a questionable life. To Alf and Maggie, the mother is particularly brutal, and in the squalid room at Rockfeller Buildings, near Drury Lane, Misery always reigns.

One night Ma Druce lashes Maggie with a rope-end and blood spurts from the flower-girl's white skin. The paper-boy cannot witness his mother's cruel blows without action, and he seizes a knife that is lying near and rushes at his parent.

There is a thud; Ma Druce drops to the ground, never to rise more. Jim Dempster, who married Alice Druce, takes upon himself the blame of the murder, and tells the two street sellers to go away and never come back.

Maggie has been posing for an artist named Jim Ferguson, and, on leaving Rockfeller Buildings, she journeys with her brother to the artist's studio and is provided with accommodation there. The artist imagines that something serious has happened, but is in doubt as to the extent of the trouble, and he pities the children.

Jim Ferguson has a curious temperament. He is painting a picture of the flower-girl dancing to a barrel-organ in the gutter, and his heart is with the subject. But his funds are low, and the type of pictures which he loves painting are not readily sold, so he undertakes a commission to paint the portrait of the Hon. Miss Christine Bodeley. Miss Bodeley is the social success of the season, and Jim becomes interested in her personality.

One day an over-dressed visitor calls at Jim's studio. She introduces herself as Ruby Druce, Maggie's sister, and she interrogates the artist with regard to Maggie's future. She tells Jim about the murder, and the artist realises that he is facing a deep problem.

Then detectives call, and, although Maggie is at the studio, Jim tells them that she has gone, and he never expects to see her again. He advises the flower-girl to go to some of her friends for the time being, and visits a flower-seller at Piccadilly Circus in order to arrange matters.

"Oh, it don't make much difference, sir," Dempster replied wearily. "Beer, I suppose."

"Beer," Ferguson sneered, "glycerine and glucose you mean! Some muck from the chemist's laboratory. A couple of bottles of stout will be safer, I think. . . . Now then, tell me—and, mind, I want the truth—you needn't be afraid of me, I can hold my tongue if necessary, but I must have the truth."

The man had, at a draught, emptied his glass. Ferguson hesitated a moment, then refilled it. What did it matter? The man was starving, the man was cold and cheerless. It was in his power to make him warm, perhaps even happy, for a few moments. To drown memory and give him a little hope. The words of a great poet passed through his brain; he muttered them half aloud:

"No one heeds him, the crowds pass on.
Why does he want to live?
'Take this florin, and get you gone,
Go and get drunk—and forgive!'"

"I've been keeping out of the way for the last day or two," the man said drearily. "And last night Alice—that's my wife—got the chance of a bit of work as cleaner in an asylum somewhere out of London. So I sent her off and made up my mind to give myself up."

"But you didn't kill Mrs Druce?"

"I helped to," the man said doggedly. "I hit her as Alf started with the knife, there ain't no proof that I didn't. And, perhaps, if they has me, they'll be satisfied and leave the kids alone. As you took an interest in them I thought I'd tell you, and perhaps you'd do your best to set them up and give them a chance. Will you?"

Ferguson buried his face in his tankard of stout. He, too, emptied it at a draught. "I will," he said quietly. "A couple of men came from Scotland Yard this morning and tried to find them, but I wouldn't tell them anything."

"You mean to say you humbugged the peelers!" Dempster asked with admiration.

"I think so," Ferguson smiled. "Scotland Yard officials are the most simple-minded, kind-hearted, childish creatures in existence. Give them a camera, a clue, and a finger-print, and they'll amuse themselves for years."

The man grunted and looked regretfully into his empty glass. Ferguson filled it once again—it was quite a small one.

"I don't think it'll hurt you."

The man laughed outright. "This is all right, it's meat and drink."

When he had finished he rose reluctantly and followed Ferguson out into the yellow cold of the street. The latter, in order to pay for the drinks, had to borrow one of the sovereigns Ruby left him and which he had secreted in his waistcoat pocket.

"I don't suppose money's any use to you now," he said to Jim Dempster. "I've had to borrow the sovereign I've just changed; but you can have a bit if you want it."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "No, thanks, sir; I think I'll just walk to the nearest police-station and give myself up. I feel more able to do it now there's something inside me. There's just one thing I'd like——"

"What's that?"

The man laughed uneasily and shuffled with his great feet in the gutter. "Well, something to smoke. I don't suppose they'll give me a chance to smoke for a long time. Not unless they hangs me," he laughed. "Then I believe they does you right well, gives you anything to eat and drink and smoke you likes to ask for. I suppose it's part of the punishment, to make you wish you hadn't got to go."

The lights from a tobacconist's window blinked through the fog. Though the theatres and concert-rooms and shops were closed on Sunday, all the so-called vices were obtainable, from beer in the pubs to blasphemy in the parks.

Ferguson was a long time choosing a cigar for Jim Dempster. He bought the best the shop boasted.

"Anything will do for me," the man said sullenly.

Ferguson thought differently. He parted with him on the pavement. "Well, *au revoir*," he said holding out his hand.

"If not Good-bye," the man chuckled. "Excuse me remarking it, but you seem a trustful sort of person, Mr. Ferguson. How do you know I ain't fooling you?"

"Of course, you never can tell," Ferguson admitted; "but I always trust my instincts. I've found them a great deal more reliable than my morals."

"Thanks," Jim Dempster replied quietly. "And you'll try and see as how the kids are kept out of it, and, if they're nabbed to give evidence, just tell 'em what to say."

"I'll do my best."

And so the two wastrels parted—for it must be admitted Ferguson was a wastrel, too, in his way; for, though he tried to work for his living, had he not been in receipt of some forty or fifty pounds a year left him by a benevolent uncle, he would have starved or drank himself to death.

Late in the evening of the same Sabbath the motherly woman with the black eye called at the studios and took away Maggie; and Ferguson was himself again and alone, and Mrs. Jones triumphant.

But Ferguson sat up and smoked innumerable pipes and did not feel at all inclined to go to bed, perhaps because he had not been for two nights. A year or two ago a hungry cur had followed him home and he had fed and sheltered it, and it had remained with him for several months, and then one day it had disappeared, and he had felt as he felt now. He felt lonely and the studio empty—something was missing. He looked at his pictures, finished and unfinished, but he derived little consolation from them. He hunted around his room to see if Maggie had left anything behind, but she had not; he wished she had.

Next morning he waited impatiently for her arrival, and when she came set to work at once on the picture. He was not anxious to talk, he was just satisfied that she was there; and she seemed satisfied, too. He kept her posing on the throne for a long time without a rest, but she scarcely moved and never complained.

"When I've finished with you, where are you going?" he asked, as the luncheon hour approached and he knew he could not let her pose any longer.

"I'm going back; there are a few odd jobs I can do for Jess—unless *you* want me," she added under her breath.

"I've got to paint my Social Success this afternoon," he sighed; "but you can stop and have some lunch with me. Sit down and rest whilst I get it ready."

He had cashed a cheque and done his housekeeping before Maggie's arrival, and he had carefully put away the two sovereigns Ruby had left. He was undecided in his mind how to give them to Maggie, or in what way he could spend them for her benefit. It was obvious she wanted clothes, but his soul revolted at the idea of seeing her in a nice clean ugly new frock, and nice ugly woollen stockings. There were other things, too, but they would destroy the picture.

"Tell me, do you feel the cold much?" he asked as he fumbled in his store cupboard.

"No, not much, one gets used to it. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied evasively.

Every man who wants to get on should buy "Do It Now" at once. Price one shilling, of all booksellers.

They dawdled over their lunch, and then Ferguson filled his pipe; and Maggie, watching, lit a taper for him.

"Don't hurry away, talk to me," he said sleepily. "I haven't forgotten I've promised to try and get you an engagement on the stage—you're sure you'd like it?"

"I think I should. I know a girl who dances in the pantomime. But it's hard work and it doesn't lead anywhere."

Unnoticed by either of them the studio door opened and a ragged figure crept in. It was Alf, and his whole body was expressive of a creature long hunted and nearly worn out. He waited for some little time just inside the studio, then coughed warningly. He held a soiled copy of the EVENING NEWS in his hand, and as soon as Ferguson turned, he held it out towards him.

"Have you seen this? Jim's gone and given hisself up. He says he did it, but it ain't true, and I can't allow him."

Ferguson took the paper from him and pushed him into the chair he had lately occupied. Leaving brother and sister together he walked to the other end of the room and read the account of Jim Dempster's sacrifice. He was getting a little tired of having to make up his mind on knotty points, and solving problems the Church and State had long ago given up.

"You had better let things rip, youngster," he said at last. "I saw Jim yesterday and it's all right. He is as responsible as you are. As far as I can see it's no use spoiling two lives if one will suffice. I tell you what you had better do, you had better stay with Maggie's friend, lie low, behave properly, and I'll see if I can find you some odd jobs. Of course, if the police want you, you must go along quietly and speak the truth——"

Ferguson was stammering. "Make the best of a bad job, and of course you must think of your sister as well as Dempster and yourself. Now, I'm afraid I must turn you both out as it's getting late, and I've got to set to work."

He looked at his watch. The Social Success was almost due.

"I've come to ask yer advice," Alf said wearily, "but it don't seem no good. I've been goin' here and hidin' there till I'm about tired; if I goes out with Maggie they'll nab both of us perhaps."

Ferguson shrugged his shoulders. "Then you can stay here, I'll give you a shake-down behind those curtains and you can sleep if you're tired. If anything does happen to either of you, don't be afraid to send for me."

He pressed some money into Maggie's hand. "There's your day's wages. Now run along."

As he pushed her towards the studio door it opened, and his visitors of the previous day entered.

"We're sorry to trouble you again," the inspector said blandly, then he stopped as he caught sight of Maggie. He looked from her to the other figure standing by the fireplace, glanced over his shoulder at his companion, who promptly shut the door. Then he marched straight up to Alf and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"What's your name, my lad?"

The boy looked at Ferguson and kept his lips tightly closed.

"His name is Alf. What do you want with him?"

"Alfred Druce and Maggie Druce, eh? Both children of the late Anna Druce, 13 Rockfeller Buildings. I've a warrant for the arrest of the boy, and you must both come along with me." He frowned at Ferguson. "I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you, too, sir."

Ferguson slipped his arm through Maggie's, though he was unaware of the fact she was nestling close to him. He took the pipe from between his teeth and looked at the blackened bowl critically. "If you have a warrant for the arrest of the boy, well, I suppose you must take him," he said slowly; "but as for the girl and myself, I'm afraid we can't oblige you."

The detective hesitated then. "We wouldn't have troubled you, sir; but remember yesterday, when we called, you assured us you knew nothing about these children, and to-day we find them both here. If you take my advice you'll come quietly, you won't be detained long. And if you don't——"

"If I don't?"

"Well, sir, it would only mean getting a couple more warrants, and then it might not be so pleasant for you."

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

"You'll have to come for us."

FERGUSON laughed. The idea of being arrested and taken—probably in a four-wheeled cab—to the police-station, seemed distinctly humorous, especially if he were accompanied by two muddy, if loyal, urchins.

But when he saw the look of distress on Maggie's face he checked his laughter; the detective, too, was a little shocked at his mirth, for both his face and his voice were serious.

"You must make up your mind, if you please, sir, at once. As I said, I'm exceedingly sorry to trouble you, but I've no doubt you'll satisfactorily explain the presence here of these two children. But of course it does, in a manner of speaking, look suspicious, after what you said yesterday morning."

Alf tried to wriggle himself free from the detaining hand on his shoulder. "What're yer clutching for, I ain't goin' to run away. Such a fuss, too, about nothin'. I tell yer this 'ere toff don't know nothin' about me."

"Perhaps I know more than you think, Alf," Ferguson smiled, silencing him with a look. He turned to Maggie. "Well, shall we go quietly as the story books say, or shall we sit down before the fire and await events?"

Maggie shook her head and looked at him dumbly. She had nothing to say; events were moving too quickly for her. But she was a little in doubt as to the legality of the officials behaviour. They were not in uniform. If it were necessary for her to go to prison she wanted to be taken in the orthodox fashion by the conventional pantomime policemen, in the eyes of young gutterland, a heroine.

"It's really very annoying," Ferguson said, glancing at his watch. "I have a most important appointment this afternoon."

Maggie glanced shyly at the Dresden China figure outlined on the canvas against the wall, and though the likeness was not yet, the outline was sufficient to remind her of the Honourable Miss Bodeley—Ferguson's Social Success. If Maggie had possessed a conscience it might have pricked her as she realised Ferguson had wasted his morning and his oils on her, and that now he might be deprived of his afternoon with Miss Bodeley.

"If I goes with you, you wouldn't be for troubling him?" she said to the detective.

The detective, of course, took no notice of Maggie's question; he was watching Ferguson a little impatiently.

"Oh, confound it," the latter said irritably, diving for his hat and coat. "I suppose we had better go and get it over. Great Scott! I'm almost as big an ass as the law, I might have expected this."

"I'm sorry, sir," the detective said apologetically; "but I've got to do my duty——"

"Duty!" Ferguson snapped. "Don't shake that word in my face for Heaven's sake."

He strode to the door as if to open it, then altered his mind. Perhaps it was a couple of tears which he saw quietly rolling down Maggie's cheeks; perhaps it was the expression he saw on Alf's face—an expression of mingled disappointment and contempt.

"No, I'm hanged if I will," he cried. "I'll not be bluffed into wasting my time in police courts just to help you effecting wholesale arrests. If you want us you'll have to come for us."

He laid his hand on Maggie's shoulder and pushed her towards the fireplace again.

"Let me go," she whispered; "they won't trouble you then. Let me go."

The detective shrugged his shoulders. "Well, sir, I've warned you."

"That's all right, do your duty if you want to. It's becoming a mania of my fellow-countrymen, when they do foolish or unpleasant things, to hide them under the cloak of duty." He gave Alf a hearty smack on the back. "Go along, my boy. Don't make a fuss and don't be afraid of the truth, I'll see you through all right."

The two men with their captive moved towards the passage. "You won't alter your mind, sir?" the detective said as they reached the door. "It would save you a lot of trouble and unpleasantness."

"That's all right," Ferguson laughed; "trouble's a splendid tonic. I daresay you'll see me without coming for me, as soon as I've time to spare."

He set Maggie in a chair before the fire, then picking up Miss Bodeley's canvas, placed it on the easel, made preparations for the reception of his sitter, tidied up the studio, and told Mrs. Jones to have tea ready for four o'clock.

"And if you'll go to the stores and get me a cream cake and a pound of chocolates I'll love you for ever," he smiled.

"You waste all your money on sweets and cakes and don't have no proper meals."

Maggie started and stared at the housekeeper. Could it be possible that Ferguson, the artist, the maker of dream people, had ever gone hungry to bed, or risen without breakfast: he who spent half-a-crown as if it were a penny, lived in two wonderful rooms, and possessed a bath in which he could bathe every day? Was it possible that he, and others of his kind, knew the tragedy of the stomach? That insatiable beast which, unless it is filled at least once a day, gives its possessor no rest or peace, and tempts the poor body that, often against its will, is forced to carry it about next its soul, to beg, and to steal and to kill. Tempts—nay, forces—its owner, who at the same time is its slave, to sell all his or her possessions that it may be satisfied, to go bare-footed, bare-headed, naked—save for the few rags inquisitive civilisation demanded, to sell everything, even life.

"Haven't you heard that we all eat too much," Ferguson laughed. "The doctors, having cut off our appendix, are now going to cut off our food supply: bread and cheese and a handful of nuts. I prefer chocolates, so get them, there's a good woman."

Mrs. Jones shook her head and looked at the little figure by the fireplace. "What about those two—gentlemen—who called yesterday and came again just now to see you, sir?"

"I hope you don't object to them, Mrs. Jones, *they* were respectable enough. It's quite possible in a day or two they'll board and lodge me for nothing, and put me on the new diet. What a relief for you if I get a change of air."

Mrs. Jones sniffed. "There's many a true word spoken in jest, sir; but I'll get the chocolates, and I think you said a cream cake."

She made her exit shaking her head grimly.

Ferguson laughed cheerfully; like a child his mood had changed from grave to gay. He sang as he cleaned his brushes in a jar of turpentine:

"Make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we, too, into the Dust descend.
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, sans End."

"The genial philosopher who wrote that, Maggie, died about seven hundred years ago. I don't suppose you've ever heard of him before?" She shook her head.

"One day, when I've time, we'll read him together."

"I've got no learning at all," Maggie said dismally; "no book learning, that is."

"You had better start, then;" Ferguson waved his hand towards his bookshelf. "There are not many men there, but they're all good chaps. Go and have a look at them and introduce yourself."

"May I really?"

"You must. Whilst I'm earning my living painting Miss Bodeley, you must sit like a little mouse in the corner and not move, and not speak."

"I can go away—I needn't stop."

"You must stop, obey orders and don't ask questions."

Miss Bodeley arrived a few minutes later with a maid. Ferguson, pointing to Maggie, whispered under his breath that he had provided a chaperone, and Miss Bodeley after a little consideration dismissed her duenna. She was in a pensive mood and had little to say; but Ferguson's spirits became almost boisterous.

He could not account for them himself; the air of the studio seemed charged with electricity. He felt something was going to happen, and he waited rather as an interested spectator than as an actor.

"Why are you in such good spirits to-day?" the Dresden China figure asked after awhile.

Maggie heard the question, and though she continued to bend over the book she had chosen, her brows met in a frown. He was not really happy, she told herself, he was acting for the benefit of the Social Success. And though Maggie earnestly tried to concentrate her attention on the pages she turned, she found her eyes continually straying in Miss Bodeley's direction.

The child of the purple fascinated the child of the gutter. First of all, her clothes fascinated her—the wonderful way they fitted, and the soft, suggestive frou-frou they made when she moved, they looked as delicate and fragile as the girl herself; indeed, they seemed part of her. When she entered the studio she had brought with her a subtle scent, which Maggie was forced to acknowledge was sweeter even than the odour of oil and turpentine of the studio, which she had loved because it seemed part of the artist.

This Dresden China figure; this girl, flesh and blood like herself, only a year or two older, was perfect in every way. And Maggie was critical; as soon as she became used to her presence in the room, and realised that neither she nor Ferguson remembered her existence, she ran over her points, considering each one separately. There was nothing she would have altered, nothing she would have changed. She admitted she was even more beautiful than any of the women she had seen on the stage in *The Sins of Society*.

Maggie and Christine.

The former realised what a gulf separated her from the latter; they were as wide apart as if another nationality or another sex divided them. She tried to picture Miss Bodeley standing on the model's throne in her rags, posing to Ferguson as she had posed.

She did imagine it, and her body blushed warm, she felt suddenly ashamed—of her rags, her ugly boots and her coarse shapeless stockings, and her bare flesh showing the traces of a mother's love. She had caught glimpses of Miss Bodeley's French shoes and her shapely stockings; and, when she drew off her gloves, soft white skin and rounded arms.

Now and then portions of conversation drifted across the studio towards her. She tried not to listen but failed, even when she listened she understood very little of what they said; but she envied them both the saying of it. Another thing she lacked—conversation.

She no longer read the book, it lay open on her lap, but she gazed into the fire, the frown deepening on her brows. The well-bred, well-dressed, well-educated, well-washed woman was showing her that she lacked everything that mattered in the world wherein Ferguson lived.

She wondered grimly whether Miss Bodeley could dance. An insane desire to ask her entered her heart; or, since the artist loved dancing, to prompt him to ask her.

Miss Bodeley dancing on the model's throne in her long petticoats and silk stockings and cobwebby garments and large hat and neatly-dressed hair. Maggie's teeth set tightly. . . . She was beginning to hate Miss Bodeley. . . . Before she knew what was happening, or how it happened, she *was* hating her. The book slid from her knees to the ground with a crash, but she did not heed it.

Ferguson heard and, turning his head, smiled; if Maggie had seen that smile her hatred might have increased, some of it might even have been directed towards the artist. He smiled because he thought he had given her too severe a test, suggesting she could read, learn, and digest the thoughts of wise men.

"What a queer little figure it is," Miss Bodeley smiled, nodding her head towards the fireplace. "She's not a real artist's model, is she? Didn't you say she sold flowers or something? If I ever see her in the street I must remember to buy some from her."

Fortunately, perhaps, Maggie did not hear. She had forgotten bread and butter, she had even forgotten Alf and the police-station and the woman, now awaiting a pauper's grave, who had given her birth. The primeval instincts of the primeval woman were working in her breast. She was Eve in the Garden of Eden; but a garden that lacked an Adam, where even the serpent was missing, though an apple tree laden with fruit waved above her head.

A Garden of Eden in which she was terribly alone.

She wanted to run away, she wished she had not listened to Jim Ferguson, but had followed Alf. As soon as his back was turned, she would run away. She ought never to have come to the studio; she was born for the gutter and the prison—she saw that clearly enough now, the book which had fallen to the ground told her so, Miss Bodeley told her so, and even Ferguson, at last, with his hearty boyish laugh.

She sat very still, waiting for an opportunity. It came soon after Mrs. Jones had deposited the tea, including a box of beautiful chocolates and a terribly tempting cream cake. Not that the cream cake nor the chocolates tempted Maggie now. She watched Ferguson hand them to Miss Bodeley, and she watched the Dresden figure take one so daintily, place it between her red lips with a queer little grimace.

And she hated her and hated the chocolates, and she almost longed to take the knife from the cream cake and thrust it into the artist's breast. He did not hand the chocolates to her, he carelessly threw a few on the plate and cut a great big slice of the cream cake and put it by her side and told her to enjoy herself.

She almost cried aloud then, and she was afraid the tears would overflow her eyes.

(Another long instalment next week.)

WEEK ENDING FEB. 13, 1908. PEARS

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swollen to an enormous size, as were my arms a
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MODERN MIRACLES.

389 Middlewood Road, Sheffield, October 21, 1907.

Gentlemen,—I had a severe attack of Rheumatism in December, 1903. From that time until February, 1907, my sufferings were terrible. My legs, ankles and feet swollen to an enormous size, as were my arms and hands. In February of this year, as my wife was reading the "News of the World," she exclaimed, "Here is another remedy, suppose you give it a trial." Having tried so many I replied that we could not afford to waste any more money. However, she did get a bottle, and persuaded me to try one dose. Now that first dose so far relieved me of pain that for the first time in three years I was able to secure a reasonable amount of sleep. I continued to take them and found great improvement each week, the swellings went down, the pains vanished. I am free from Rheumatism and in as perfect state of health as any man can expect to be. Thanks to your Genoform, which to me has been worth wealth untold.

(Signed) CHARLES WADDINGTON.

20 Colvin Road, East Ham, E., February 25th, 1907.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find P.O. for 4s. 6d. for which please send me two more tubes of Genoform. The result obtained in the case of my wife is simply marvellous, considering the time she has been bad, and the small quantity of the Genoform taken, 20 tablets. After the second tablet practically all pain left her joints. She is more than grateful to Herr Schulz for putting such a splendid medicine on the market.

JAMES BELL.

Genoform will prove a blessing in

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA & NEURALGIA.

Genoform Tablets are absolutely harmless, easy to take, and are packed in tubes which can be carried in the pocket. Of all Chemists, and of Boots' Cash Chemists, all Branches, or post free, 1s. 2d. and 2s. 3d., from Sole Agents,

E. J. REID & CO., 17 & Basinghall Street, London, E.C.

Proprietor, FRITZ SCHULZ, Leipzig.

GENOFORM

An Historic House

ESTABLISHED IN THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE II.

WHEN you see a new food advertised, you try it out of curiosity. You're experimenting. When you buy Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa you are upholding the judgment of several generations of English men and English women, who lived through the most strenuous times of our island history. For nearly a century before Wellington won Waterloo, before Nelson gained for us the freedom of the seas,

Fry's

COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

were used in English homes. There's no experimenting with Fry's.

BY APPOINTMENT

Manufacturers of Cocoa and Chocolate to the Royal Houses of England and Spain by Special Warrants of Appointment.

BY APPOINTMENT

SHOP-GIRL'S REVELATIONS.

Chas. Forde's Bile Beans Cure

ANÆMIA, BILIOUSNESS, AND CONSTIPATION.

Thousands of girls and young women are employed in shops, factories, and workrooms, where the long hours, close confinement and improper feeding exercise a severe strain upon the constitution.

Sick headaches, no appetite, languor, biliousness, constipation, pale lips and gums, and a constant feeling of weariness, are common troubles that beset those who work in restaurants, factories, work-rooms, offices, etc. Chas. Forde's Bile Beans are the work-girl's best friend. They are perfectly safe, never drastic in action, and can always be depended upon to restore robust health even in seemingly hopeless cases.

"I work in a large drapery establishment," says Miss Hodges, of 32 Stanley Street, South West Street, Bedminster, Bristol. "The confinement indoors, together with the hours worked, affected my health seriously. I lost my appetite completely, and when I did take food it made me sick and uncomfortable. My lips and gums became quite pale. I suffered from constipation and was very anæmic, and had attacks of biliousness and indigestion, and in the end became completely run down.

"Tonics and medicines of various kinds were given me by the doctors and others in the hope of bringing back my strength, but these utterly failed."

MISS F. HODGES.

Though it is now four years since Miss Hodges gave the above testimony, yet she writes to-day: "I was restored to complete health by Chas. Forde's Bile Beans alone. That was four years ago, and I have enjoyed the best of health ever since."

Chas. FORDE'S BILE BEANS

WARNING.

To make sure you get the kind of medicine that cured Miss Hodges, see that "CHARLES FORDE'S" is on the label, and that you get Chas. Forde's Bile Beans, "the kind you have always bought." Of all chemists, in sealed boxes, prices 1/1½ and 2/9.

FREE You can have a Free Sample Box of the original and only genuine CHAS. FORDE'S Bile Beans by sending this coupon and 1d. stamp (to cover return postage) to the Bile Bean Co., Great Street, Leeds. "Pearson's Weekly." 12/2/03.

Full Result of First Limerick appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" January 16th, 1908.

WINNER of 1st PRIZE—£5 a WEEK for LIFE: Rev. S. Cornish Watkins, The Vicarage, Staunton-on-Arrow.
WINNER of 2nd PRIZE—£2 a WEEK for LIFE: Fleet-Surgeon R. H. Nicholson, R.N., 14 The Parade, H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth.
WINNER of 3rd PRIZE: Miss Winnie Taylor, Hutton Street, Germiston, Transvaal.

SECOND LIMERICK

GIVEN BY

THE STOCK EXCHANGE INVESTMENT CORPORATION LTD.,

No matter how small the number of entries received the prizes will be paid in full.

£600 GUARANTEED.

No matter how small the number of entries received the prizes will be paid in full.

FIRST PRIZE - £200

Second Prize £100, Third Prize £75, Fourth Prize £25,

And 200 CONSOLATION PRIZES of £1 each,

to be awarded by the same independent judges with the same impartiality and the same strict adherence to every rule of fairness and justice for each competitor as characterised their previous Limerick, every line being read and carefully considered.

To guarantee the payment of the above Prizes, the total amount—namely, £600 in Cash—has been lodged by the Stock Exchange Investment Corporation Limited with

SIR H. G. REID, LL.D., J.P., Chairman of Judges' Committee, CHARLES W. GREY, M.A., Vice-Chairman.

The above Prizes will be given to the Competitors who, according to the decision of the Judges, fill in the last line of the Limerick in the best way. No matter how small the number of entries received, the prizes will be paid in full.

Common sense is all that is required to fill in the line, and the uneducated person is just as likely to succeed as the University Scholar, since all stand an equal chance of winning these Prizes. Therefore you should not put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, the first thought being frequently the best, and immediately that you think of a suitable line, send it in to the address given below.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

is to fill up, cut out, and forward the Coupon opposite, together with an order for the new Handbook, "Success," 1908 Edition, and a P.O. for 1s., payable to the Stock Exchange Investment Corporation Limited, 8 Union Court, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., crossed and Co. The word "Limerick" must be written on the top of the left-hand corner of the envelope.

Competitors, in addition to trying their skill, will also, by means of this useful book, have one of the best opportunities of obtaining a regular weekly income by the simple method explained therein, which has enabled hundreds of our clients to make large profits, one of whom quite recently received a profit of nearly £400 within fourteen days. This is one of the simplest written books of the day, and, avoiding all technical terms, points out in the plainest way to the reader an assured method of making money.

No member of the firm or employee will be allowed to compete. Any number of solutions may be sent, written on plain paper, and accompanied by either separate P.O.'s or one for the whole amount. It is particularly desired that all solutions be sent in as early as possible, owing to the enormous amount of work entailed.

COUPON.

THE LIMERICK.

All want to make money, they say,
And find a good "tip" that will pay.
If so, let them go
To the firm "in the know."

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I enclose 1s. for your Handbook, "Success," 1908 Edition. I agree to abide by your published decision, and to accept it as final, and I enter only on that understanding.

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Here is a list of rhyming words which will help competitors:—Display, dismay, sway, quinsy, bray, day, tray, clay, fray, gay, flay, jay, lay, slay, lay, stay, may, stray, nay, pay, sway, affray, allay, play, ray, say, way, array, pray, spray, astray, delay, dismay, decay, away, belay, betray, inveigh, weigh, relay, neigh.

ON THE RACK.

By Our Own Inquisitor.

V.—Mr. PENRHYN STANLAWS, the brilliant artist, and creator of the "Stanlaws Girl."

"STEPS in my career? Well, I am a Scotsman, born at Dundee. But, at the age of fourteen, I went to the United States, chiefly to see the World's Fair, and whilst at Chicago I drifted into journalism as a black-and-white artist. Then I came home and to London to work on TO-DAY, which had just been founded by Jerome K. Jerome—these were happy days.

"Next I went to New York to work on various journals, then to Princeton University to complete my education, afterwards settling down in Paris for three years, until a few months since I came to London.

"Who were my masters? I never had a drawing or painting lesson in my life. I don't believe in lessons. A man is either an artist or he is not. If he is an artist then he has something to express, and he will best work out his artistic salvation by expressing himself in his own way without reference to the methods of others.

"How did I invent the 'Stanlaws Girl'? Well, she is founded on fact, but, as is usually the case with all artists' 'types,' I mixed a good deal of fiction with the fact. She has been a very good friend to me; but, as you know, the 'best of friends must part,' and I am taking a long and perhaps eternal farewell of the lady.

GOOD-BYE TO THE "STANLAWS GIRL."

"Why? Well, I am going to devote myself exclusively to painting—portrait painting, that is. I took up painting whilst in Paris, did well at the Salon, and now the growing determination of some three years has crystallised, and it's good-bye to the 'Stanlaws Girl,' for 'I'm off to Philadelphia in the morning.' Put less poetically, I'm starting for a three-months' business trip to America.

"Had any famous sitters? Well, I have painted a good many American-Parisian notabilities, but here my best-known sitter would be Sir William Treloar.

"The sittings were at the Mansion House, and I shall never forget the first one. I don't think I am a particularly nervous man, but when I finally reached the Lord Mayor, after being passed on from one gorgeous flunkey to another—there were dozens of them—I was feeling rather overwhelmed. And then—shall I ever forget it—I made a mess of my start, drawing the head too small. When a portrait-painter does this—and it's not an uncommon mistake—there are two courses open to him, namely, to take a fresh canvas, or to enlarge the head. The latter is a heart-breaking task, bristling with technical difficulties. I hadn't the 'nerve' to own up to the Lord Mayor that I had made a mistake—I tell you I felt like an ant in that great place—and so I tried the almost impossible. But things went from bad to worse.

SIX FLUNKEYS TO ONE DRINK.

The Lord Mayor noticed my agitation, and, on my saying I did not feel very bright, genially suggested a brandy and soda. It took about six splendid flunkeys to bring the b. and s.—one carried the bottle, another the soda-water, another the glass, and so on—and this glittering procession to wait upon me broke me up altogether. I told the Lord Mayor I really couldn't go on, I was ill; and fairly bolted out.

"However, next morning I was all right, had the sense to tell the Lord Mayor of what had happened—he laughed almost till he cried—and, making a fresh start, everything went without a hitch.

"Any other painting 'adventures'? Well, yes, just a few. When I was in Paris I had a studio, which excited a good deal of talk. It was decorated after my own designs, and was pretty luxurious, a roof garden being amongst its attractions. One afternoon I was at work when there came a tap at the door, and I beheld a lovely girl.

"I asked her what I could do for her, and she replied that she believed I employed models, she had come to offer her services as one. This rather staggered me, as she was obviously a lady, and a great lady. However, I invited her in, and there and then made the sketch you see over there. It was quite a little comedy, but she rather gave herself away by telling me that she lived in the Champs Elysée (the Park Lane of Paris)—nice address for a model, wasn't it?

"Then came one of the most awkward moments in my life. The sitting over, I produced the usual five-franc fee, and gravely handed it to her. She took it, and was gone with a swish of silken skirts.

"No, I never saw her again, and to this day I don't know who she was. Her object. Who knows? She was only a girl. Probably she had heard of my studio and for a lark wanted to see what it was like.

VOLCANOES IN BRITAIN.

AN extraordinary occurrence was reported the other day from Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire. Owing to sudden extreme changes in temperature, a hill there, consisting largely of iron pyrites, ignited spontaneously, sending forth clouds of steam, as well as fire and smoke. In short, the spectacle presented the exact outward appearance of a genuine volcanic eruption.

Similar phenomena, although rare, are not altogether unknown in this country. In Staffordshire, for instance, there existed for over twenty years a "burning hill" that was one of the sights of the county.

Another, near Dudley, although now supposed to be extinct, had been burning up till quite recently, and not even the proverbial "oldest inhabitant" could remember the time when it was not alight.

Mostly, these home-made volcanoes come into existence through the spontaneous ignition of colliery refuse, known in coal-mining parlance as "culm." This culm is not in itself ordinarily very inflammable, but when allowed to accumulate, as it frequently is, to the extent of hundreds of thousands of tons, the pressure exerted by the top layers upon the mass beneath generates a gas that easily takes fire.

Especially is this the case with the culm derived from the Welsh steam coal. Not very long since a huge cone-shaped mountain of gas-soaked "slack" from a group of collieries near Cardiff became ignited and presented a truly awe-inspiring spectacle.

It burned for over a year, and as the core of the mountain dissolved under the intense heat, the top fell in, forming a veritable crater in miniature.

BUYING PUBLIC-HOUSES WITH SOLDIERS.

THERE is at present at least one lady-recruiting "sergeant" in England. This is Mrs. Paterson, of Horley, Sussex, who has enlisted quite a number of men for the regular Army.

She herself escorts her "cruities" up to London, to the Central Recruiting Depôt in Trafalgar Square, and sees them safe and sound until they have finally passed the doctor and been sworn in.

This, by the bye, is not exactly a new profession for women, as has recently been stated. In the old days of bounties and high recruiting fees, when enlistment was for life, there were several women in Westminster, and elsewhere in London, who practised recruiting as a business.

One of these was a barmaid named Annie Swan, who succeeded in persuading so many of her youthful customers to take the King's shilling that she was eventually able to buy a public-house of her own out of her earnings. Another, known locally as "Short Meg of Westminster," thought nothing of escorting a dozen likely lads to Trafalgar Square on a Monday morning, for each of whom she received, on approval, a golden sovereign.

Meg also in due course, purchased a tavern, and settled down to enjoy a comfortable old age in her cosy parlour, where she was frequently visited by her former clients, grown grey in the service.

The first lady recruiting "sergeant" of whom any record exists, it may be mentioned, was the beautiful Duchess of Gordon, who, in 1794, recruited in person for the Gordon Highlanders, then commanded by her son, the Marquis of Huntly.

Her Grace rode on horseback to the markets and fairs, wearing a regimental jacket and bonnet, and offering for recruits the bounty of a guinea and a kiss.

SOME MISSING-BOAT TRAGEDIES.

THERE was, as it turned out, no real cause for the anxiety that was felt throughout the country the other day concerning the fate of the persons in the missing boat belonging to the G.E.R. steamer *Amsterdam*. The luck was on their side, in that they were picked up after drifting for a comparatively short while in the icy fog.

How very different might have been their fate, however, has been abundantly shown in the past.

There was, for instance, the case of the foundering, in September, 1889, of the Newcastle steamer *Earnmore*, when two boat-loads of castaways went astray in the darkness and confusion, although help was near by.

One of these, in which were the captain and eighteen men, was never heard of again. The other, containing seven men, was not found until after it had been drifting aimlessly about for the space of twenty-five days, during which long period the wretched occupants had suffered such terrible privations that they had seriously discussed drawing lots to decide which one should be killed to provide food for the others.

This horrible expedient, indeed, has been actually adopted now and again by drifting boatloads of famishing castaways, one of the most sensational episodes of the kind being that recorded in connection with the loss of the yacht *Mignonette* in 1884.

The survivors, after being adrift in an open boat without any provisions from July 5th to the 20th, killed and ate, on the latter day, the weakest of their number, a lad named Richard Parker. When they reached England, the captain and mate were tried for murder, and found guilty. But the capital sentence was at once commuted to six months' imprisonment, without hard labour.

QUEER FACTS OF HISTORY.

Little Incidents that were not in the School Books.

Who was Jack Ketch?

THIS has long been a synonym for the public executioner, and is derived from Richard Jaquett, who formerly owned the Manor of Tyburn, now the ground upon which stands the Marble Arch, and where the Bayswater and Edgware Roads meet.

Here some few yards westward of the Arch stood Tyburn tree, and to it and to the tender mercies of its owner and presiding genius, Jaquett, came the highwayman, or the horse thief, or the housebreaker in a tumbril from Newgate.

Trials by Bread and Cheese.

There were many odd ways in ancient times of detecting criminals. Our ancestors had not lived long enough to lose their faith in the gnawings of conscience, and divine interference in earthly justice was superstitiously regarded as a daily occurrence.

No queerer example of this could be found than the ancient mode of trying prisoners by "bread and cheese." The unfortunate offender was led, with a halter round his neck, to the parish church, and there in the presence of all the people, the priest put pieces of cheese and rye-bread in a patten on the altar. These he blessed, and then the supposed criminal had to eat them dry before the congregation.

If he managed to swallow them easily he was acquitted; but if he choked he was condemned. Naturally enough scores of innocent folk were thus done to death.

How Alexander Owed His Life to Drunkenness.

As a young man Alexander the Great escaped death in a curious manner. A great banquet was being held at Pella, the capital of Macedonia, at which were present the future conqueror of the world and his father, Philip.

During the feast one of the guests proposed a toast and prayer offensive to Alexander, who hurled a goblet at him. King Philip, angry at this outrage, started up, drew his sword, and rushed furiously upon his son; but he had drunk so deeply that before he reached him he fell prostrate among the terrified merrymakers.

Not a whit perturbed at this extraordinary escape from death, Alexander retorted: "Here is a man preparing to cross from Europe into Asia, who yet cannot step surely from one couch to another."

Kings who were Schoolmasters.

In the early part of the life of King Christian IX. of Denmark there was no prospect of his ever becoming the ruler of that country. With this in view he became a schoolmaster at the German University of Halle.

Being too poor to keep a servant, the Dowager Tsarina Dagmar of Russia, one of his daughters, used to help her mother to do the household work and take care of the younger children. During this period there were King Frederick VII. and several others, in the direct line of succession, that stood before Prince Christian, but, by a succession of deaths that occurred, he became the heir apparent, and after the death of King Frederick VII. in 1863 he was proclaimed King Christian IX. of Denmark.

Another instance of a similar nature is that of Louis Philippe. During the time he was exiled from France, then being the Duc de Chartres, he became a teacher of mathematics and geography in Switzerland. About thirty-six or seven years afterwards, on August 9th, 1830, he was proclaimed King Louis Philippe of the French.

"Forty Winks" that Cost a King His Life.

IN the middle of Holborn once stood an inn, the George and Blue Boar, and there took place an incident which entirely changed the whole tale of England's history.

As twilight was falling in October, 1648, a very tired post-boy, mounted on a sweating horse, pulled up outside the old inn. The lad knew nothing of the importance of the letters which lay in his post-bag; his orders were to convey them to a point on the Great North Road, where he would be met by other messengers.

But Cromwell's spies had followed him from the South Coast, for England's liberty depended upon his dispatches miscarrying. The boy had some supper, and afterwards fell asleep, his head pillowed on his post-bag.

While he slept Cromwell's men took the bag and found in it a letter from King Charles I. to the Scottish generals arranging for his rescue, an immediate advance on London, and the arrest and execution of Cromwell and his friends. That same evening Cromwell had the fatal letter, and determined on Charles' death.

SERIAL STORY.

The House of Rimmon.

By JOHN K. PROTHERO, Author of "In the Grip of Fate."

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO.
Roses are Her Cheeks, and a Rose Her Mouth.

SIR DOUGLAS did not repeat his offer of friendship to Stuart; with commendable tact he switched the conversation on a light topic and suggested a cigar.

Stuart did not fall in with his mood. He sat silent for awhile, then, in a few words, gave the gist of Betty's story.

"It doesn't throw any light on the bead," observed Sir Douglas. "We ought to watch this man, this Adolph. By the by, you've had my house under surveillance for some months now; haven't your men reported the appearance of the stranger?"

Stuart flushed. It was true the house in Park Lane had been watched in the hope of gaining some clue to Brettal. Blythe's calm assurance took his breath away.

"How did you know?" he asked.

"My dear chap, no one with a teaspoonful of brains could help knowing. Your man's not clever. He attired himself as a rustic last week; as if a yokel, smock frock and all, were likely to be in Park Lane at nine in the morning."

"That was not my man, Sir Douglas," was the quick answer. "Had the fellow a reddish beard; an ungainly person with a slouch?"

"That hits off the individual."

"I was the object of his questions some months ago. He did his best to roll me under a motor on two occasions."

"I suppose you thought he was acting under my instructions? I thought as much. You concluded I wanted you out of the way in regard to the Brettal business. Now I shouldn't have taken you for a slow-witted person, Stuart. In this matter, however, you were really thick-headed. I'm not the sort of man to employ red-headed murderers. Have you no other acquaintance who would more easily fill the bill? Surely you've crossed swords in the causes of righteousness with a good few scoundrels in the course of your career. What of that man Stebbing; a bad lot if ever there were one."

"I thought—" the solicitor stopped and flushed ingenuously. In face of his host's calm demeanour and unruffled smile it was incredible to conceive him the ally of a ruffian like Marcus the moneylender.

"You thought I was a partner of the Israelitish sweater? 'Pon my word, Stuart, if I were not possessed of a keen sense of humour, I should feel inclined to start a thumping entertainment with you. You fool," with a sudden change of voice, a convincing force of manner; "you fool. Men of my calibre, be they saints or sinners, don't co-operate with creatures like Stebbing. He's a thing of the slime—a jackal of the under-world."

Under the influence of his eloquence it was impossible to credit one had ever coupled him with the moneylender. Stuart looked at the mobile face with its fine brow and reticent mouth, and asked himself if he were the most befooled or the most suspicious of mankind.

"Stebbing wants you out of the way; you've been too many for him in the courts. I don't understand his attention to me unless he thinks you and I are in alliance. The ways of the Oriental are past understanding. I shall take special notice of his rustic, and invite the attention of the excellent, if stolid, member of the force on point duty to his villainous countenance. I take it there's no more to be said?"

He rose and moved towards the door. Stuart followed him, conscious that he was behaving like a churl. He ought to have refused or accepted the other's explanation, have declared himself enemy or friend. He was drawn to the baronet; he felt an impulse towards him. But he was a slow man, save where his passions were involved, and caution bade him draw back. Some sort of amend, however, he put forward.

"You've been very generous in what you've said to-night, Sir Douglas; I appreciate all you've said. May I write to you in a few days and give you my conclusions—the conclusions of sober thought?"

"My dear chap, take as long as you like. In the end, even against your will, you'll be convinced in my favour." He laughed genially and together they went back to the drawing-room where Rosalie completed the conquest she had begun.

Stuart went home a prey to doubt of the most harassing kind. If he were to believe Blythe, Stebbing was the arch villain of the piece? He could grant that; but how account for Brettal's affidavits, unless the sailor had been a tool in the hands of Marcus, to gratify his spite against the baronet.

He could not make up his mind to reject his belief in Blythe's villainy. Neither could he finally decide to accept that belief in its entirety. He went to bed in a troubled frame of mind.

Sir Douglas made no doubt at all as to his decision.

"I never saw you more beautiful, more fascinating, than to-night, Rosalie. You've turned young Stuart's head—how do you like him?"

"Very much. There's a freshness, a charm about the boy that is delightful. He may come often, Douglas, if you wish."

Her husband nodded his approval.

"And Lord Oressingham," he said softly, "may he come also? Remember, my dearest, I can't do without you, the political ladder is difficult to climb."

She gave him her hand with a swift smile.

"I will help you," she said softly, "and with all my heart."

"Rosalie!" he started forward eagerly and clasped—air. She had passed swiftly through the door into her dressing-room.

* * * *

Miss Peggy Marling was At Home. The big studio with pale coloured walls that were so admirable a background for the vivid bits of colour that the girl affected—gorgeous Chinese embroideries, Oriental bowls, and the rest—was crammed with a judicious mixture of smart and artistic folk. The latter element was represented by Travers the poet in a velvet coat of a wonderful shade of green and an expression of soulful discontent, a clever French caricaturist, and two or three genuine Bohemians—shaven these last, and with their locks in decent control.

For the rest, the men, in immaculate frock coats and resplendent patents, were mere appendages of the marvellous frocks and picture hats that filled the chairs and overflowed on to the ottomans.

Peggy had distributed her invitations broadcast; her friends, their friends' friends and acquaintances, were bidden to the feast, provided only they were smart and had some claim to social distinction.

The function was a great success. The picturesque *al fresco* atmosphere always present in a studio made even the frock coats lose their stiffness. There was plenty to eat and to drink. Tea, cream, and cakes from Fullers; with great piles of strawberries, and for those who liked more piquant fare, Russian delicacies, liqueurs, and a plentiful supply of whisky and soda, and claret. The Bohemians appreciated her thoughtfulness in this matter and drank her health in many and varied potions. Travers sipped Chartreuse and ate marzipan paste all the afternoon and grew more soulful every minute.

Peggy, in the scarlet gown of her portrait, flashed like a bird of tropical plumage among her guests, her light laughter and ready jest prohibiting the bare suggestion that she was in financial stress.

She had done the thing in style, though it had woefully depleted the fast-vanishing store of ready cash. She looked round her domain, gorgeous with the white lilies and red roses which formed the scheme of her decoration, and felt a glow of pardonable pride.

Her portraits were much admired. Even the most impressionable of the impressionist school acknowledged there was good work in a "Study in Scarlet"; the uninitiated, however, preferred the grave eyed Puritan girl. Nan, returning early from the office, met with an enthusiastic reception, and in grey gown and linen cape helped to dispense hospitality. Stuart himself looked in later, and with him Mrs. Chesney. Peggy had asked him to bring along a fashionable woman friend, and Judith had occurred to him as filling the bill to a nicety.

In the trailing gown of soft green muslin, a hat tied à la Romney under her chin, Judith looked bewitching. There was fine colour in her cheeks and a light in her eyes. Stuart had dropped in to the house in Sloane Street more frequently of late. He had returned almost to his old footing; Judith permitted herself to hope, and resolutely shut out the vision of Stebbing with his white, pointed teeth and vicious smile.

She was very gracious to Peggy, and flushed delightfully when that astute person declared she was a picture to delight a painter's eye.

"You shall paint me if you like," she said graciously. "That is, if your price won't ruin me."

"Indeed I should be charmed," said Peggy the polite; "but I've so many commissions on hand. I've letters here from Lady Tarlington—the novelist, you know—and Miss Chisolm the actress; they both want their pictures finished in time for the winter exhibitions."

Judith felt impressed and looked at the study in scarlet with appreciative eyes. There was talent in the picture and a touch of genius. She felt she could safely trust Miss Marling's clever fingers adequately to depict her charms to an admiring world.

"I shall take no refusal," she said smiling; "I also insist upon the winter exhibitions. Name your fee, Miss Marling, and, if it doesn't quite ruin me, I'll give you a sitting the first moment you can spare."

Peg leant back in her chair and fixed large, contemplative eyes upon the ceiling. The spirit of the pickle-jar—as she irreverently termed her parent's business acumen—descended upon her; she put up her price.

"I should want two hundred guineas," she said calmly. "Your face would require studying to do it justice, Mrs. Chesney, and time's money just now." She smiled and lit a cigarette, the while her heart thumped against her ribs and her mouth went dry. Oh, Pickle-pickling Parent, was it thus you built up your business; did you also thrill with delicious tremors of fear, excitement, and anxiety when you asked more than the current price of some new delicacy? Had she demanded too much? Did it appear grasping? The Bohemian side of her temperament came into play. She was within an ace of spoiling her first big deal, when Judith surrendered. The price had impressed her.

"Very well," she said, "I agree. I shall expect you at Sloane Street to-morrow?"

Peggy smiled blissfully.

"You must come here, please," she said autocratically. "I can only work in my own place. To-morrow I'm full up, and the next day; but on Thursday afternoon at three o'clock I shall be ready. The frock you are wearing, I think, unless you prefer a velvet gown. Evening dress? Very well; but you must have plenty of lace about it. I almost think I'd better select your gown, Mrs. Chesney. I can give you half an hour to-morrow evening, if you like, we can overhaul your wardrobe. You may have to get something new." She issued her commands like a modern centurion, and Judith dutifully did her bidding. The daughters of Mammon are ever ready to put their neck beneath the heel of the tyrant Fashion, and Mrs. Chesney, with an unfailing instinct, recognised the dark-haired artist was going to be the "mode."

Peggy booked another order, a pastel portrait this time of a little girl, and was promised a commission early in the year from a rich stockbroker's wife.

She did a war dance of triumph when the fashionable contingent had departed, and insisted on Travers and the Bohemians generally joining in. A whirl of scarlet, she flashed about the studio, singing, laughing, choking over the claret cup, teasing Travers, hugging Nan and a good-looking Bohemian who took advantage of his opportunity, and behaving generally in a mad and Peg-like fashion until the spirit of the pickle-jar folded its wings and sped sorrowful away.

The proceedings were wound up by a riotous supper in Soho. Nan, much to Peggy's disappointment, declared that as a self-respecting Puritan she could not accompany them. In vain Travers in a burst of eloquence depicted his anguish at her absence; in vain the most cheeky of the Bohemian boys threatened to kiss her if she stayed. She had her way, and the laughing, boisterous crowds departed, leaving her to put away the fragments of the feast and tidy up.

She felt melancholy and a little sorry for herself when, the studio reduced to its usual picturesque disorder, she sat before the grate and watched the wood fire sparkle. It was a fad of Peggy's always to have a fire lit in the evenings, she was a chilly creature, and loved the warm, red flames. It seemed to Nan as if she were destined through her life to wait at other people's banquets, and clear away the fragments of a feast she had not shared. She wished she had joined the Bohemian supper. It was good to be young, to be admired, even by Travers. Why had she stayed? Why had she so obstinately refused to share their pleasure?

The colour swept over her cheek at the question. She fell into an attitude of listening, waiting for a step upon the stair. She had stayed behind on the chance of his coming; he had said to Peggy, feather-pated Peggy, that he might look in later. The light-hearted hostess of the feast had smiled and straightway forgotten. How could one forget? How could one find pleasure in a sea-green poet down Soho when one could talk to a real hero of romance in a fire-lit studio? Nan's cheeks burnt, and, Puritan like, she rose to find some work for her slim fingers. She must not build impossible castles in the air. He was her employer, a just but at times an exigent employer. And she was his faithful, aye, his most faithful servant.

The work fell unheeded on her lap; her grave eyes sought the fire, she dreamed dreams and saw visions in the ruddy leaping flames, until the step she longed for sounded on the stairs.

"Peggy's gone out to supper," she said softly. "She would have stayed, but she'd promised to go. And when Peggy promises"—she shook her head and laughed demurely.

"I suppose the little lady was in the seventh heaven. She'll have a good time with the boys. You didn't go?"

"No; I thought it would be horrid for you to come back to find the place shut up."

"And so you waited. What an unselfish Puritan it is! Peggy had an inspiration when she painted you as a daughter of the Ironsides. For all your soft eyes and demure smile, you're like steel when you choose, Nan," and he looked at her quizzically. "When are you going to tell me the name of the man who murdered Dorham?" He used her name quite casually, by which it may be noted, his attitude was not strictly that of an employer.

"Never," she said firmly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "And the man with the soft voice, the mysterious person who spoke over the telephone?"

"I've no trace of him—yet."

"I begin to doubt if he matters. I am beginning to doubt my cleverness and to question whether after all I am infallible. My conceit has had a nasty fall. A man I regarded as a monster, a scoundrel millionaire, whom I credited with murder wholesale—a sort of Moloch who devoured women and children—this man, I say, I suddenly discover to be a very decent fellow. Moreover, he's heaped coals of fire upon my head, and in return for my suspicions has sent me a client whose business will put thousands into my pocket."

"What is the name of the man you suspect?" she leaned forward eagerly. The description seemed to her to correspond with the eulogy Natt paid to his chief.

"My dear Nan, a solicitor's lips are sealed. Why do you ask?"

"Curiosity. Do you think this man is connected with Stebbing and his villainies?"

"I did think so."

"What has altered your opinion—the client?"

"Not alone. The millionaire's a remarkable chap. Eloquent, by Jove, how he speaks, persuasive, magnetic, and such a brain! He showed me how easy it was to build up an indictment on circumstantial evidence as I had done. He put me in his place, and proved me on circumstantial evidence guilty of the crimes of which I had suspected him."

"You've been trying a long time to get proof against him. He's connected in some way with Brettal, for whom you've been searching?"

"That's so—you're no fool, Miss Hallam."

"You were convinced the millionaire had done away with him; and now for no good reason you're convinced the millionaire's a saint! Why should Brettal have lied? I guess he made statements against your Phœnix."

"Brettal was a blackmailer. But there is no use in arguing. One minute I am for the man, the next against him. I've eaten his salt, how can I further suspect him? Especially if I do business with his client. I'm in a blind alley. What am I to do?" He smiled at her from his station on the hearthrug. Six feet of brawn and muscle—he was good to look upon.

"His wife is such a lovely woman," he continued, "the sort of woman one could worship—a Madonna with the soul of a little child. I've never seen love in a man's eyes if I've not seen it in his. Tell me, Minerva, could a bad man gain the heart of such a wife?"

(Continued on page 571.)

The N
Beef
In Fluid Ju-Vis—the nev
Beef Tea, Gravies, etc., you
for money as compared w
Extracts.
Fluid Ju-Vis contains AL
Extract prepared solely from
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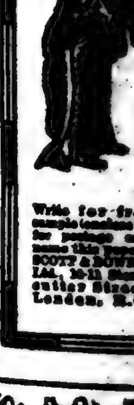
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Write for free sample (enclose 4d. for postage and name this paper), SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.
CONTAINS NO YEA
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A COMPLETE S

The New Beef Tea

In Fluid Ju-Vis—the new preparation for making Beef Tea, Gravies, etc., you get about double the value for money as compared with the usual Fluid Beef Extracts.

Fluid Ju-Vis contains ALL the nourishment of Fluid Extract prepared solely from Beef.

It is made solely from Beef Extract with valuable vegetable properties added, which accounts for its far superior flavour. How far superior you can prove for yourself by sending at once to your grocer for a 6½d. bottle.

2oz. Bottle, 6½d.; 4oz., 11½d.; 8oz., 1s. 9d.

FLUID JU-VIS

If any difficulty send stamps in value to C. Foster Clark & Co., Maidstone.

Bronchitis

Miss McCarthy.

THAT SLIGHT HUSKINESS which makes you clear the throat almost every time you speak, that tickling throat cough, that stuffiness in the chest in the early morning, and that tendency to catch cold in the chest, are all early symptoms of bronchitis. If neglected, or wrongly treated with ordinary medicines taken into the stomach, the disease inevitably gets a firmer grip on your system. Bronchitis may be prevented by promptly treating that slight huskiness or that tickling throat cough with Peps, the breathe-able medicine which goes straight to the lungs as the tablets dissolve on the tongue. Peps are suitable alike for young and old, and may be freely given to the frailest invalid.

Mrs. J. McCARTHY, 93 Shacklewell Lane, Dalston, London, N.E., writes: "I am pleased to say I have proved Peps to be a most valuable remedy for children's bronchitis. My little girl, aged 3 years, was constantly troubled with bronchial colds, and we were astounded at the rapid way in which Peps cured her. If any of our family has a cold or a cough, Peps are always handy, for I always keep them in the house, and I carry a box with me when I go out. In our confectionery business we hear customers complaining of coughs and colds, and we always tell them to try Peps."

Recommended by the medical profession for coughs, colds, bronchitis sore throats, asthma, children's throat and chest troubles, influenza cough, that tickling cough, laryngitis, croup, whooping cough, and other throat and lung troubles. Of all Chemists, 1/1½ and 2/9. See that every box bears the chest distinctive title—Peps.

FREE. Send 1d. stamp, together with this coupon, to Peps, Carlton Hill, Leeds, for your free sample packet of Peps. F.W.13/2/09

Peps

A Pine Forest in Every Home

Proof in the Facts: "I was ill with Influenza and had besides lost 24 lbs. in a single year. After a course of SCOTT'S Emulsion I feel a

DIFFERENT MAN ALTOGETHER,

eat well, enjoy living, and have lost all the bad after-effects of the influenza. Before taking SCOTT'S Emulsion I weighed 10 st. 2 lb.; now I weigh 10 st. 10½ lbs.—a gain of 8½ pounds, and am in the very best of health and spirits."

CHARLES M. PAINE,
21/2/07. 2 Rhoda Cottages, Oulton Broad, Nr. Lowestoft.

Proof in the Reason Why: The Emulsion which brought back health and spirits to Mr. Paine was SCOTT'S, and if you desire exactly the same results you will be wise to procure exactly the same Emulsion—SCOTT'S, with "the fishman with the fish" on the package.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is different from every other emulsion in being made of the finest quality Lofoten cod liver oil by the original, perfected Scott process. These two points place SCOTT'S far ahead of all competitors. Therefore, when purchasing, don't ask for "Emulsion"; ask for and get SCOTT'S Emulsion—the difference between them means a cure for you.

Write for free sample (enclose 3d. for postage and name this paper). SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

CONTAINS NO YEAST OR GELATINE.

EDWARDS' SOUP

is made from choice beef and

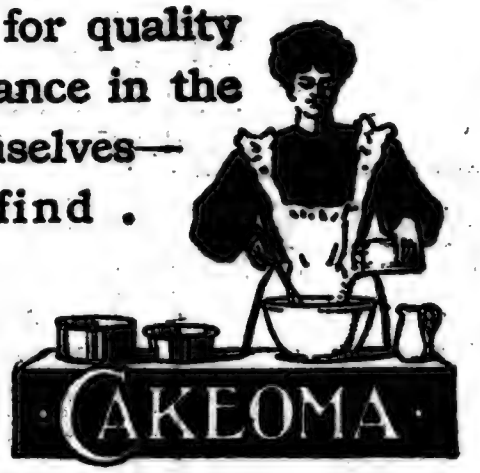
GARDEN-GROWN VEGETABLES,

the same vegetables that you have on your own table dried and evaporated down.

A COMPLETE SOUP IN ITSELF.

Reg. S.H.B

YOU may try this and that and the other way of making cakes, but for real satisfaction in . . baking, for quickness and ease in making, for quality and appearance in the cakes themselves—you will find . nothing equal to



CAKEOMA contains all the dry ingredients for any cake and many puddings.

It is mixed ready for use and made of the finest and purest materials obtainable. It saves time and trouble, besides being most economical in use.

3½d. packets, from Grocers and Stores everywhere. Each one contains many excellent recipes for cakes and puddings.

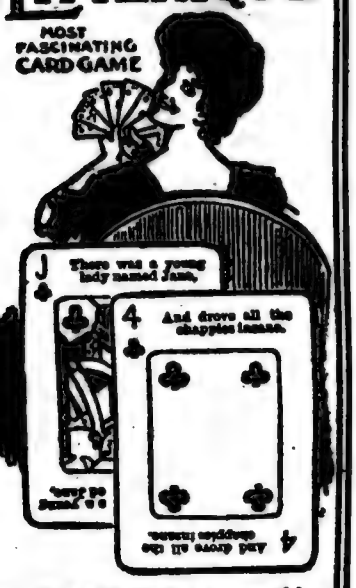
And it is just as good for puddings.

LATHAM & Co. Ltd.,
LIVERPOOL.

18

"LIMERIQUE"

MOST FASCINATING CARD GAME



"LIMERIQUE" is something smart, fascinating, and enjoyable. A whole family or visitors are splendidly entertained by this game. It amuses children and at the same time provides a keen game for the cleverest friend. It is a skilful combination of "Nap" with unfinished Limericks.

Price 1s. 6d.; Post free, 1s. 7½d.
From the Publisher—
"LONDON OPINION,"
36 Southampton St., Strand, London, W.C.

NEW ZONOPHONE RECORDS FOR OLD ONES.

When you have worn out your old Zonophone talking machine records take them back to a talking machine dealer who handles Zonophones. He will give you one new Zonophone record for four old ones, provided you also buy one new one. In other words, for 2/- and your four old Zonophone records you get two new Zonophone records.

Ask to hear this month's list of popular songs. It includes some of the best talking machine records ever made. 10-inch discs, 2/-. Insist on getting Zones, not substitutes.

Eiffel Tower MILK PUDDING

A 1d. packet makes a delicious milk pudding in ten minutes. Try it. You will be delighted.

HER EYES!

WHAT eyes?
WHOSE eyes?
"HER eyes."

This charming new presentation picture by M. Randall, NOW READY, reproduced in colours, 23 in. by 17 in., will be sent free for 50 Outside wrappers from blocks or band labels from tins taken from W. G. Nixey's goods. (If ½d. wrappers sent, 100 required). Commence saving wrappers. Former presentation pictures, 'Julia,' 'Helena,' will be out of print in March. Next picture ready Sept., '08

W. G. Nixey, 19, Soho Square, London, W.

NIXEY'S REFINED BLACK LEAD

In 1d., 2d., 4d., 1s. Sizes.

NIXELENE STOVE PASTE

Better than a Limerick.

Married or Single

HERE ARE

£250 For You

Everybody can do with a large Cash Prize, be they married or single. It means added comforts for the married and (probably) marriage for the single. It oils the wheels of Home Life and prevents trials and troubles, just as PEARSON'S ANTISEPTIC prevents illness and disease in all well-managed households. PEARSON'S ANTISEPTIC is a necessity in your home just as cash is necessary to secure Home Comforts.

PEARSON'S ANTISEPTIC THE Non-Poisonous Disinfectant

OFFERS LARGE CASH PRIZES TO READERS OF THIS PAPER.

The Prizes will be awarded to the readers who, subject to the conditions—*which read carefully*—correctly forecast the number of Marriages registered in the United Kingdom for the three months ending March 31st, 1908, as certified in the Official Return of the Registrar-General for that period.

In the event of no competitor sending the exact figures the prizes will be awarded to those sending the nearest estimates.

First Prize - - - £100

Second Prize - £50 Third Prize - £25

Five Prizes of £5 Fifty Prizes of £1 each.

PEARSON'S ANTISEPTIC COUPON.

I estimate the number of Marriages in the United Kingdom for the three months ending March 31, 1908, to be.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

P.W. Last day for receiving replies, March 31, 1908.

To assist competitors in their forecasts we give the official figures for the past three years as follows:

Three months ending March,		1905—118,866
"	"	1906—119,430
"	"	1907—132,324

READ CONDITIONS CAREFULLY.

The above Coupon must be sent attached to an OUTSIDE CARTON OR WRAPPER of a 6d. Bottle of Pearson's Antiseptic. It is sold by all chemists, or if not obtainable send 6d. with this coupon to the Company for bottle. Competitors sending any other wrapper than Pearson's will be disqualified. Competitors may send as many estimates as they like provided a wrapper or carton is attached to each coupon. If two competitors should send the exact figures the first and second prizes will be added together and equally divided. If three competitors are correct the third prize will be added to the first and second and divided equally in a similar way, and so on according to the number of correct replies.

The decision of the Managing Director will be final.

No correspondence can be entertained, but **additional coupons can be obtained from the proprietors by sending a stamped and directed envelope with a request for the number required.** Competitors must mark legibly on the top left hand corner of envelope "DESIRE."

Owing to the time that elapses before the official returns are issued, the result cannot be announced until August 24th next, on which day it will appear in the London "Daily Mail," Dublin "Irish Times," and Glasgow "Daily Record."

"MARRIAGES," Pearson's Antiseptic,
15 Elm Street, London, W.C.

No man living has had a more varied or a more exciting career as a journalist than Mr. Soudamore, who for many years was special correspondent for *The Times* and the *Daily News*, and is well-known for his exposures of the Armenian Atrocities. He figured also in the war of Turkey, the Soudan Campaigns, and, more recently, in the Boer War. Mr. Soudamore having passed unscathed through the terrors of twenty-nine historic battles, at last fell a victim at home to blood-poisoning and ulcers, and his declaration of Zam-buk as the most wonderful healing remedy invented by modern science must convince all sufferers from hurts or skin diseases who peruse his letter, written from 34 Richmond Terrace, London, S.W.

Mr. Soudamore says: "I have experienced the extraordinary benefits that come from the use of Zam-buk, and desire not to keep the knowledge thereof to myself, but to make it known to any others who may be suffering as I suffered.

"In the course of twenty campaigns, during which I have witnessed twenty-nine historic battles, I have naturally seen an immense amount of suffering from wounds of every kind—gun-shot, shell splinters, sword, assegai, &c., &c., as well as from bites and stings of insects, and feel sure that so powerful a remedy as Zam-buk, and one in so handy and convenient a form, can be the means of saving thousands of lives, and sparing victims infinite pain.

"Some time ago, after escaping the dangers to which one is exposed in the hazardous trade of war, I fell a victim to an evil—the evil of blood-poisoning—just as deadly in peace at home. The blood-poisoning started, I believe, owing to the poisonous dye in some underclothing penetrating a small scratch or sore. I was treated by doctors in the usual way, and told to hope for the best, but the inflammation, pain, and swelling did not appear to be relieved by their treatment. Ulcers broke out in my feet and limbs, and for some time it was quite impossible for me to put my feet to the ground or get about.

"I may say that on my left leg, below the knee, I had seventeen deep holes, into any one of which I could have put my thumb, while I had no fewer than fourteen similar ulcers on the right leg.

"Worn out with pain and lack of sleep I yielded, in despair, at last to the advice of a friend that I should try Zam-buk, of which my friend gave the highest accounts. I applied this capital balm to the sores and ulcers, and you may be surprised to hear that within one week the pain and inflammation had gone, and the skin, which had before so obstinately refused to heal, was now growing beautifully.

"After under a fortnight's plentiful use of the balm I had begun to be a sound man again, as Zam-buk had completely banished complications from the blood-poisoning.

"What perhaps impressed and pleased me most in this remedy was the immediate relief, on its application, from the burning pain which—especially at night—the sores had caused me.

"It is not surprising, therefore, when I pay my tribute to Zam-buk with a full heart."

In perfectly healing the thirty odd ulcers in Mr. Soudamore's limbs, and making the tissue once more healthy and sound, Zam-buk accomplished what no mere ointment or embrocation could do. Zam-buk once and for all eradicated the unlimited peril of blood-poisoning, which is the menace of thousands in times of peace as well as war.

Don't take any risks by experimenting with cheap salves and ointments, which, owing to their rancid animal fats and mineral poisons, are likely to do more harm than good.

There is positively no preparation which possesses the same virtues as Zam-buk. Its unique herbal sap and juices have a wonderful affinity for the requirements of the human system, and a most potent power over disease of the skin and tissue. Zam-buk is, indeed, the world's greatest healer and only perfect skin-cure, and no preparation can compare with it.

Why not put Zam-buk to the test in your own case? All you have to do is to send your name and address and 1d. stamp for return postage to Zam-buk Co., Greek Street, Leeds, and a dainty sample box will be forwarded you by return of post.

For eczema, chapped hands, poisoned sores, scalp sores in children and adults, bad legs, and all common skin diseases and injuries, Zam-buk is invaluable. Of all chemists, or from the Zam-buk Co., 45 Cowcross Street, London, E.C., and C. E. Fulford Ltd., Leeds, for one and three-halfpence or two and ninepence per box (the two and ninepenny size being most economical for family use or where serious ulceration is being treated). Every home should keep a box handy.

THINGS A WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL.

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

A Delicious Apple Pudding.

Chop finely half a pound of apples, shred half a pound of suet, and mix with half a pound of breadcrumbs, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and two eggs. Boil for three hours in a well-buttered mould. Turn out to serve, and pour sweet sauce round.

Soda Scones.

These scones are excellent for tea, and may be eaten either hot or cold, buttered or with cheese. Mix with butter-milk to the consistency of light dough, one pound of flour, one small teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda. Roll this out to half an inch thick, cut into shapes, and bake on a griddle or baking sheet, over a clear fire for ten or fifteen minutes, turning the scones to brown on both sides.

Haddock Steak.

Haddock is a fish that is often met with on account of its cheapness, but it very much depends on the cooking whether it is palatable or not. It is a watery fish; therefore, when boiled is poor. A fair-sized haddock cut into steaks of about one-inch thick is very good. These steaks should be fried in egg and breadcrumbs and garnished with lemon, and when nicely cooked I think are equal to cod.

Orange Marmalade.

Slice thinly twelve Seville oranges and two lemons, and remove the seeds. To every pound of pulp, allow three pints of cold water. Let this stand for twenty-four hours, then boil till the chips are tender and clear. Let all stand till next day. To every pound of boiled fruit allow one pound and a half of lump sugar. Boil, stirring constantly, till the syrup jellies and the chips are quite clear. The great point in making good home-made marmalade is to see that the chips are very thin. Sharp knives are most necessary for this work. (*Reply to* FELIX.)

Vegetable Multigataway Soup.

Take equal quantities of any vegetables you happen to have, wash them well, and cut into dice. Place in a saucepan two ounces of good dripping, and when it is melted add the vegetables, stirring till they are nicely browned. Dredge into the vegetables a dessertspoonful of curry powder, one ounce of well-washed rice, salt and pepper to taste. Pour over all two pints and a half of any stock you happen to have, and simmer for two hours. Thicken the soup with a little cornflour, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice or vinegar, and serve very hot.

OF EXCEPTIONAL CUT.

THERE is no doubt about it; our lady readers are an industrious set, and just now they love to spend their evenings by the fireside sewing. White work is particularly popular; it is so much easier to do by gaslight than any other, and now is the time above all others when ladies should look ahead and see that their stock of underclothing is sufficient for the spring and summer—that delightful period when outdoor exercise holds such charms that we would fain, for the time at least, banish fine sewing from our minds.

No. 17331. Paper pattern, 6d., post free from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta St., London, W.C.

Longcloth, mainsook, or madapolam are each and all suitable for the exceptionally well-cut nightdress (No. 17331) which you see before you. Nor need flannelette and flannel be banished from our calculations if we are willing to countenance frills of silk. Madapolam (or Indian cotton) is, as the practical housewife is aware, particularly advantageous for the cutting-out of nightdresses, on account of its width, and if you use this material you will not need to introduce those tiny side-gores which the 36-inch width of ordinary cotton goods makes imperative. Beneath the pretty turn-down collar, there is a one-piece yoke, but this should be cut in duplicate for the sake of strength. All the frills are lace inserted, the material behind the lace being cut away.

BEWARE OF DOMESTIC MONOTONY.

FOR the sake of both husband and wife, a keen interest in what is going on in the world should be promulgated in the home.

How often a girl is seen to lose all interest in old friends and pursuits on her marriage day! Centring the whole of affection in her home, events and persons outside its narrow environs she entirely disregards. Intellectually, at least, she becomes stagnant. The same is true of many a bright young man whom the process of "settling down" seems to rob of ambition and energy, and who becomes a mere wage-earner.

Other victims, as the years pass, are the young people who grow up in a stagnant home circle, where company is objected to, where visits are tabooed and where any sort of pastime is frowned upon.

Oh, the long dull evenings in a house of this kind, where there are never any games, any music, any conversation, anything pertaining to healthy life!—where there are no cheerful callers dropping in, no buzz of pleasant voices, no rippling laughter.

A wise mother encourages her children to invite their friends to come to the home. She does all that she can to give variety to home entertainment.

She often may feel inclined to shirk this duty to her young people because she yearns for absolute repose. But if she wants her sons and daughters to value and love home more than any place on earth she must not be afraid of exerting herself.

After all the mother, in keeping the home lively and attractive for her young folks, finds the preservation of her youth and good looks in the zeste that she provides for her flock.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Boots that Have Hardened.

From wearing in the snow should be rubbed with mutton fat.

To Remove Mildew from Linen.

Take some common yellow soap, and rub it well into the linen, then scrape some chalk very fine, and rub that in also. Lay the linen on the grass, and as it dries wet it again; this done twice or thrice should remove the mildew stains. (*Reply to* BUNKIE.)

Our Boy's Food. A Houseful of Romps.

A happy mother—made happy by finding a food her delicate boy can eat and enjoy—writes as follows from Newcastle-on-Tyne:—

"I must tell you the great benefit our eldest boy has received from Grape-Nuts. He was for a long time far from well, and we tried him with nearly every kind of food, and yet could not tempt him to eat.

"One day, however, I saw an advertisement of Grape-Nuts, and bought a packet. He took to this food at once, and his father and I were delighted to know that we had at last found something that he could eat and enjoy. In a few days this wonderful food seemed to put new life into him, and change him altogether.

"He is now as bonny a little fellow as you could wish to see, and so full of life, it's a trouble at times to keep him out of mischief. We are quite sure we owe this great improvement in his health to nothing but Grape-Nuts, and are so pleased with what the food has done for him that we are bringing the younger ones up also on Grape-Nuts. They are all bonny romps, and I have my hands quite full enough at times. But they do enjoy their food—it's always more! more!—and nothing will do but Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 68 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Cases like the above are happening every day! Children and adults alike take readily to this nourishing appetising food. Grape-Nuts is the wholesome food starch of the best wheat and barley, converted by twenty hours of special cooking into an easily-digested form of sugar. All the nerve and brain-building phosphates of the grains, and all their valuable tissue-building substances, are also present in Grape-Nuts. There is, in fact, only one easily-digested and energising body and nerve food—that's Grape-Nuts.

There's a reason. A ten days' trial on child or adult will prove it.

Everyone will relish the fresh crispness of the food as taken from the packet, now covered with the special moisture-proof paper. Take no other kind of packets.

THE HOUSE OF RIMMON. *Continued from page 568.*

"It's mostly the bad men who have good wives, I think," she said, sighing. "The other sort don't care for domestic paragons, they prefer brilliant, restless creatures like—like that friend of yours, Mrs. Chesney."

"You think a villain gives scope for the exercise of charity, eh, Nan? Now if I were a scoundrel I should delight your heart; as it is—" he smiled whimsically. She looked very fair and womanly in her grey linen. Stuart felt restful in her presence. A man, he thought, might do much worse than take her for a wife. She was as good as gold, comely, and of placid temper. He had done with love, as he had told Rosalie, the fervent passion that burns out a man's heart had passed for ever from his life. But the impulse for affection still remained. He was young, virile, and longed, like all strong men, for a home and children of his own. The fervour of his love for Barbara had no place in his feeling towards Nan. But though he had lost the best in life, there was no reason he should give up all thought of a wife and children. Now he harked back to the thought.

"Tell me," he bent down and grasped her wrists, "what shall I do?"

She took a deep breath and rose to her feet.

"Don't trust him," she said, "don't believe in him. There's that in me that cried out against the man. I—I—" she paused. "He's evil," she said shuddering. "I can't tell you how or why I know, but I do know. A Puritan you call me? Well, Puritans in the old days felt the very presence of evil. They could scent it from afar. That's how I feel to this man. Ah, don't believe him. Judge him, hunt him, crucify him." Her face lit up with a fierce light, her eyes wide, she might have posed for a Covenanter maiden denouncing the man of blood.

"My dear Nan, you astonish me. Do you know more of my millionaire than you say?"

"I suspect much. I know little. But in time I can give you proofs. Wait before you take his friendship—the friendship of a Judas. Give me a week—three days," she paused shaking with emotion. She must keep Hedley from the dangerous influence of Natt's chief; that he was the master her brother worshipped, she was convinced. She reproached herself that she had not already obtained proofs against him. She decided to search her brother's rooms, go through his letters—even a Puritan would not seem to disdain unworthy means for a great end.

"Give me three days," she said slowly; "then if I don't bring you proof of this man's wickedness, accept him as your friend. I shall want leave of absence," she added quaintly.

Stuart smiled.

"You shall have it: both the leave and the time. I'll wait three days, and then," he shrugged. "You'll find nothing against him. Nan," he added laughing. "Most sapient of detectives, you don't even know his name! What a quixotic Puritan to tilt at such outrageous windmills?" He looked into her eyes and admired her sleek fair head. Nan's hair was a model of neatness; no wilful ringlets, no tangled curls tempted the errant hand of man.

"Nan, do you think you could find room in that well-ordered life of yours for a home and a husband?"

She flushed and caught her breath.

"Even Puritans marry, Nan. Quaker maidens have sweethearts."

"Surely," she said with a catch in her breath.

"But then I gather you can only marry a bad man. Didn't you say that good women always married scoundrels? Alas, I'm not even a forger. How shall I learn to be wicked to win you as my wife?"

She gave a little cry, her heart, starved for so long in the winter of suppression, put forth a summer flowering of gladness. The roses bloomed in her heart, sy, and the mystic orange-blossom. Her eyes grew soft and shy, and her body trembled as at a great and perfect joy.

"Oh," she cried rapturously. "You could never be anything but the best, the dearest upon earth, and—and you won me long ago, beloved."

And in the fire-light a Puritan maiden gave her first kiss.

(Another long instalment next week.)

All Cyclists should read . . .

CYCLING NOTES

by F. PERCY LOW, appearing in the London

Daily Express

every Saturday.

The "Daily Express" is London's Great Halfpenny Morning Newspaper, and is on Sale Everywhere.

TEACHER: "If you are kind and polite to your playmates, what will be the result?"

Scholar: "They'll think they can lick me!"

TESS: "There goes Ursula Hope with Jack Timmid."

JESS: "Yes, she's setting her cap for him."

TESS: "Do you really think she cares for him?"

JESS: "Yes, indeed! You know her full name is Ursula May Hope. Well, she signs all her letters to him now, 'U. May Hope.'"

TOO FAST.

THE boy stood on the bridge of a schooner beside the captain on a starry night. It suddenly became necessary for the captain to go below, and he said to the boy:

"Here, take the wheel. I'll be back in a few minutes. Steer by that star, and you will be all right."

The boy began to steer the boat and soon got her out of her course. The star now appeared astern instead of ahead. He shouted down to the skipper:

"Hi, skipper, come up and find me another star, I've passed that one."

Melody in Draughts.

T. M., who is a bit of a musician, is plunging on a new piano. Unfortunately, he has had a slight difference of opinion with Mrs. T. M. as to where it shall stand. "My wife," he says, "insists that it should be placed in the line of the draught from the door of the room to the fireplace. I am sceptical on this point, but she will not listen to a word I have to say on the subject. As she believes that you know everything, however, I beg you to give the subject a line or two in an early issue of *P.W.*"——If Mrs. T. M. really has such a flattering opinion of me, the least I can do is to back her up in her contention. Unfortunately, I cannot do this on scientific grounds, for, as far as any consideration for the instrument is concerned, a piano should be kept out of the draught as much as possible. It occurs to me, however, that there may be another and more subtle interpretation to Mrs. T. M.'s argument. While being fond of music, she may agree with the ancient proverb which says that enough is as good as a feast, and her idea of putting the piano in a draught may be merely an ingenious plan to prevent any enthusiastic performer from occupying the stool for too lengthy a period. Perhaps if you agree to a time limit, T. M., you will be able to carry your point, and make music in some snug and draughtless corner.

"John Bull."

D. A., who hails from the green neighbourhood of County Cork, writes to ask how England first came by the famous nickname of "John Bull."——Well, it was this way, D. A. A certain gentleman of the name of Dr. Arbuthnot wrote a satire in 1712, introducing typical specimens of the various nationalities under names which he invented. Thus the Frenchman was termed "Lewis Baboon," the Dutchman "Nicholas Frog," and the bluff farmer-like gentleman who represented England "John Bull." This last name struck the popular fancy, and ever since then he has remained the national figure. Foreign caricaturists, of course, have not been so complimentary as our own with regard to his appearance, generally representing him as a wide-mouthed, long-toothed ogre instead of the prosperous and genial-looking person pictured by our own artists. "John Bull" is a comparatively common name in the country, for the family of "Bull" is a large one, and the temptation to put "John" before it irresistible to some parents. By the way, did you ever hear the story of a certain Mr. and Mrs. Rose, who, being gifted with a poetic taste, christened their daughter "Wild." This was all very well while she was a child, but, unfortunately, when she grew up she fell in love with and married a certain Mr. Bull:

"Wild Rose" was the fair damsel's name,
And her marriage was really a shame,
For it turned each sweet leaf
To a fillet of beef,
And the Wild Rose a Wild Bull became.

Tavern Signs.

J. M. J. has been pondering over the curious names which decorate our old inns and taverns. "I have often wondered," he writes, "why public-houses have been given such names as Angel, Red Lion, Royal Oak, Half Moon, and so on. A friend of mine says that in an age when only a few people could read, these figures were printed on boards to facilitate the discovery of the house."——Your friend is quite right, J. M. J. Such was undoubtedly the origin of signboards, and therefore of the quaint names which many taverns still bear. Of course, nowadays, when everybody can read, signboards are no longer a necessity, but in many cases landlords still retain them as a kind of advertisement. A great deal of interest and out-of-the-way information may be derived from studying the origin of some of these curious names, for in the majority of cases they commemorate historical facts and once-famous people who have now been more or less forgotten. "The Angel," of course, has a religious significance, and was generally represented by a rude drawing of the Annunciation. The Red Lion was the old badge of John of Gaunt, and was intended to convey the fact that its bearer, by his marriage with the daughter of Don Pedro, considered himself entitled to the throne of Castille. The Royal Oak, of course, commemorates the escape of Charles II. from the Roundheads. Just to give you an idea of the unsuspected origin of some titles, I may mention that the "Tumbledown Dick," of which there are several instances in the country, originally took its name from Richard Cromwell, who ruled England for a brief period after the death of Oliver. He did not inherit his papa's grim and strenuous nature, which explains the somewhat uncomplimentary epithet.

Mop Fairs.

"At the picturesque old market town of Chipping Norton," writes A. J. B., "there is an annual 'mop,' which lasts three successive days. It is in reality a pleasure fair, and for the townsfolk almost a general holiday. I see that Nuttall's Dictionary describes a 'mop' as 'a country fair for hiring servants,' but I wondered whether you could give me any further information on the subject."——I thought that, like the dodo, three-volume novels, and other features of a more leisurely age, the "mop" as an institution had died out. I am delighted, however, to find that—at all events, as far as the name is concerned—this is not the case. In old days statute fairs were held, at which men of all descriptions offered themselves for service. It was customary for the members of each profession to adopt some distinguishing sign. Thus carters would fasten a bit of whipcord to their hats, shepherds a lock of wool, grooms a piece of sponge. When hired they would wear a cockade with streamers. This fair was followed a few days later by a second called "a mop," held for the benefit of those not already engaged. The origin of the name was the fact that this fair was supposed to mop up the remains of the statute fair.

Pantomime.

Fresh. I suppose, from a cheerful evening at the theatre with *Aladdin* or *Cinderella*, J. H. A. writes to ask if I can tell him anything about the meaning of the word "pantomime," and how this form of entertainment started.——Pantomime is of very ancient origin, J. H. A., though I do not mean by this the sort of topical musical comedy that has now adopted the name. The old form of pantomime was acted entirely in dumb show, a species of entertainment extremely popular amongst the Greeks and Romans. The harlequinade is the only remnant of this now left, and I fear that even the harlequinade is on its very last legs. Although the clown and pantaloon keep up a constant fire of fun, Harlequin and Columbine, true to the old traditions, never open their mouths. Harlequin is supposed to be the god Mercury, and to be able to make himself invisible when he chooses; Columbine to be Psyche, and the old man to be Charon, who held the unenviable job of ferrying souls across the Styx. The clown is Nemus (the fool of the gods), and his large mouth is merely an imitation of the ancient masks which used to be worn. The real meaning of the word "pantomime" is "all dumb show."

Helping Nature.

Nature works hard in making the world beautiful, and B. P. suggests a pretty little plan by which we may assist her efforts. "I have often thought," she writes, "how much beauty might be added to our lanes and hedgerows if people would save their superfluous garden seed and scatter it in suitable spots during their country walks. Such hardy free-growing plants as the 'Canterbury bell' or the 'evening primrose' produce quantities of seed which is wasted every year. How much increased is the charm of those districts where the foxglove, primrose, and honeysuckle grow wild! And why should not other hardy plants flourish in like manner? I am acquainted with a district where the remarkable profusion of wild violets is said to be due to the efforts of an old lady who carried seed in her pocket and distributed it as she had the opportunity."——I think your suggestion is a charming one, B. P., and I hope that readers of *P.W.* who live in the country and are fond of flowers will act upon it. Although the high road hedges have to a great extent been spoiled by motor-cars, the English lanes are still the most beautiful in the world, and any plan that will increase the number of wild flowers in their banks should have generous support. Perhaps you remember the story of the old Admiral in Nelson's day who used to go about the country planting acorns so that his descendants should have plenty of wood to make battleships of. This precaution is hardly necessary nowadays, so we can devote our energy to providing flowers for ourselves.

Roundabout Railways.

A recent paragraph on this page entitled "Through Three Counties," in which C. M. challenged anyone to find a more wandering railway line than that between Shaftesbury and Lyme Regis, has brought a host of replies. In the first place, J. V., who apparently comes fr[om t]he same part of the world, disputes the c[...] of C. M.'s route-sheet. "There is certainly no need to start from Semley," he writes. "I know the district very well, and if I wanted to go from Shaftesbury I should certainly make direct for Gillingham." Two Welsh readers claim the record for the six and a half mile trip between Knighton and Presteign, to accomplish which the luckless passenger has to wander about sixty miles through three different counties, arriving at his destination long after anyone who had started at the same time and walked. A Reader puts in a word for those who are compelled to make the journey between Wolverhampton and Bridgnorth. "Although the train journey," he says, "is about sixty miles, takes over three hours, and goes by way of Staffordshire, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, and Shropshire, the actual distance by road is only sixteen miles, and can be done by a motor-car in one hour and a half." I am not personally acquainted with the neighbourhood, but if it takes a motor an hour and a half to cover sixteen miles I think I should prefer the railway to the road, however circuitous the former might be. It is to Ireland, however, that we must apparently look for the championship. J. W. V. sends me particulars of a little jaunt between Edenderry and Birr, both in King's County, and only thirty-five miles apart. To reach the latter it is necessary to travel over 120 miles, traversing no less than five counties. Even this must yield the palm to L. G.'s circular tour from Cavan Town to Virginia, a distance of fifteen miles, during the course of which he, too, covers 120 miles, and passes through six counties. Ah! begorra, 'tis ould Oireland can bate thim all!

A Way they have in India.

Indiana, who writes to me from the land of palms and tigers, sends along an account of an Indian wedding, which, as she points out, differs in some important respects from the same function as performed in Britain. "Out here," she writes, "the marriage festivities begin about a week before the ceremony. At the recent wedding of the daughter of a wealthy Hindu merchant to the son of another equally prominent citizen of Bombay the papers devoted half a column to describing one of the preliminary receptions—the hall, the guests, and, above all, the bridegroom, whose splendid dress and modest demeanour were both subjects of eulogy. The bride wasn't even mentioned!"——There is quite a refreshing novelty about this idea. Perhaps in time we shall see it introduced into this country. "A charming reception was given yesterday," we shall read, "by Mrs. Smith, of The Laurels, Upper Tooting, whose good-looking and graceful son is about to be married. The hall was delightfully decorated with muslin and pink roses, and Mrs. Smith and her son received the guests at the foot of the banisters. The future bridegroom was tastefully dressed in a well-cut frock-coat, and wore a pair of excellently-polished patent leather boots. He blushed very prettily at the numerous compliments and congratulations which were showered upon him. It is rumoured that the bride was also present, but in the crush of ladies we failed to notice her. We trust, however, that she is worthy of the good fortune which is falling to her share."—Fashionable Chips.

Flor de Hairpin.

I think it was Solomon who originally remarked that there was no new thing under the sun, and I am beginning to believe that his wisdom was not at fault. It appears that my correspondent who found a hairpin in his cigar—which surely sounds an original experience—is by no means unique in his adventure. Three or four readers from various parts of the country write to tell me of similar discoveries, and ask whether I cannot give some clue to the mystery. This, I think, is supplied in a letter from S. J. C. "Your 'Flor de Hairpin' paragraph," he writes, "brings to my mind an interesting conversation I had some time ago with a gentleman who represents a firm in the trade. He told me that during a conversation in a hotel smoking-room while he was present, first one man and then another began sniffing suspiciously at the odour of a cigar which one of the company was smoking. Finally, my friend politely asked the latter if he would accept a new cigar in exchange for it. The smoker readily agreed, and on my friend opening the cigar a small, ready-made bow-tie was found burning away cheerfully in the middle. In explanation my friend mentioned that girls who make cigars occasionally roll into them any small article suitable for the purpose for what they consider to be 'a lark.' Needless to say, were they caught in the act the consequences would be serious for the offenders."——Not being caught, however, the consequences are somewhat unpleasant for the smokers. I sincerely trust it will never be my fate to stumble across the handiwork of one of these facetious young ladies. It is truly a case of humour being slightly misplaced.

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Note.—A pen-knife will [...]der whose letter is dealt with on this page. [...]or a title is used.

Peter Pan's Post-bag.

By Miss PAULINE CHASE.

[For the third season in succession Miss Pauline Chase is "Peter Pan" at the Duke of York's Theatre. In an interesting article this most charming and accomplished actress reveals some of the secrets of the bulky post-bag that awaits her every day, a post-bag crammed mainly with letters from adoring children. Miss Chase is an American, and made her début at New York when she was only fourteen years of age, which, if one may say so, is not so very long ago.]

Two "shows" daily as Peter Pan is real hard work, but if I ever feel weary I have only to turn to my collection of letters from youthful "friends in front" to find solace and amusement.

For these letters are always charming, comforting, and cheering in their frank affection, their shameless flattery, their quaint and original turns of thought, and their delightful eccentricities of phrasing and spelling.

The first that comes to hand is from a little lady, who, unlike most of my sex, has evidently no admiration for a "bold, bad man." She writes:

"DEAR PETER PAN.—I hope you are quite well. My adress is Miss ——. We haven't seen you yet" (is this a sly demand for a free pass?—P. C.), "wasn't it naughty of Tinker Bill to have the window shut. How is Wendy. I hope she is quite well, and I hope Captain Hook isn't. With much love from ——."

CHILDREN WHO WANT TO FLY.

Captain Hook catches it, too, from a young gentleman, from whose long and interesting letter I take the following extract: "DEAR PETER. . . . How is the brutal and horrid James Hook? Send him round here, and I, being an English gentleman, will give him what he deserves, as I have a sword, a razor, a South American dager, and a thing they kill bulls with in Spain."

A great many, indeed, perhaps the majority, of my young correspondents are consumed, after seeing the play, with a desire to fly, and the following letter is typical of hundreds:

"DEAR PETER PAN,—We have all been to see you flying, and we want to know how to fly. We have tried all ways; jumping off our beds and tumbling out of our windows! but we can't quite manage it.

"Please tell us how to, because we want to go to Never-Never Land.

"Aren't we stupied to write this; we know you will never get it,

"From three little girls,
"BETTY, RACHEL, and PATRICIA ——."

The youthful "admirer" is also much in evidence, and I think that the postscript to the following epistle is distinctly "precious":

"DEAR PETER PAN,—As I admire you so much I feel I must send you a 'thimble'!! I hope you won't mind.

"I did so enjoy the play on Friday with you in it. With heaps of 'thimbles' and best wishes for the coming year, from an adoring admirer, REX ——.

"P.S.—I was in the front row of the stalls with my sister last Friday night in an eton suit and white waistcoat. Do just write to me if you have a minute to spare."

SOME QUEER WAYS OF SPELLING.

Probably, because spelling to me as a child presented insuperable difficulties, I entertain a very special affection for those young writers who rise superior to the trammels of orthography. The following is a delightful specimen. It was addressed, "Peter pan, Esqr., London," which reminds me that my letters find their way to me with all sorts of queer addresses. For example; "Peter Pan, The Tree Tops, Never-Never Land, London"; "Peter Pan, Never-Never Land, Duke of York's Theatre, London"; whilst one was inscribed, "Peter Pan," and then underneath, "alias Miss Pauline Chase." However, to return to my young friend, whose phonetic genius would surely have delighted Artemus Ward:

"My darling, darling Peter Pan, I love you so very much I sor you last year. Wil you com and tech me haow to fli I sor sinbid the salor yestde I hove e litle brotha his name is Owen we are twins and will you tich my mlle to fli be cos she wonts to fli bac to switslnde I vich you e hapi nyou yir and I hope you hade a hapi Crismes I love you much beter as the oter acters much beter."

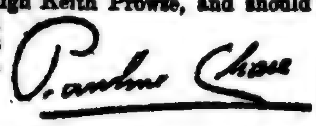
The last sentence leaves me in some doubt as to whether I am not loved for my manifest inferiority to the "oter actors."

But, never mind, the youthful sgribe means well, and his picture of Mademoiselle wanting to fly back to Switzerland is quite pathetic.

The following is from a lengthy letter: ". . . I like acting I took the part of Cinderella in our school *cantata.*" (The italics are mine.—P. C.) "I am ten years old and I don't write very often and I must say I don't like doing it so please excuse a few faults.

"With love from DULCIE ——."

One writer says, "Of course, it's awfully fascinating to write to you," and I can only say that if it gives the children any pleasure to write to me it gives me the greatest possible delight to hear from them, and I always do my best to answer them. But I do not so much like hearing from their elders, and I may conclude with this example of "cheek": ". . . I wonder if you'd do me the favour, or, rather, the kiddies, of making it possible for me to book seven dress-circle seats the following Wed. after Xmas (*matinée*). I book through Keith Prowse, and should be ever so much obliged to you if you'd just make it all right with them. . ."



DRINKING SCHOOLS FOR WOMEN.

WOMEN'S drinking clubs exist not only amongst the women factory operatives of the North, they also abound in the East and South of London. Their members meet on Monday—"women's day" in the public-houses of the slums, in contradistinction to Saturday, which is the men's day.

From a shilling to eighteenpence a week is the usual subscription, and the whole of the sum total of the contributions is expended in drink, although not necessarily all at once. Indeed, as a rule, the contrary holds good, the very essence and object of a "school" being the ensurance of a regular supply of beer from week's end to week's end to each of the members.

And usually the supply *is* ensured. The members stick by one another, just as do ordinary clubmen and clubwomen in the higher walks of life. Even the woman who is temporarily out of work is not expelled. Her weekly subscription is made up, in halfpence and pence, by the others. Some "schools" even undertake to pay the fines of those members who, after imbibing not wisely but too well, get "run in."

AFTER the service the little boy lingered behind and insisted on seeing the missionary. At length his wish was gratified.

"Ah, my lad," said the kindly clergyman, as he patted the boy's head, "do you wish to consecrate your young life to this noble work?"

"No, sir," replied the boy; "I wanted to know if you have got any foreign stamps!"

My Opinion of the Modern Apprentice.

[The views of two eminent business men on the modern apprentice's shortcomings.]

Mr. H. HIRST

(Managing Director, the General Electric Company, Ltd.).

I AM of opinion that there is no want of ambition in the modern apprentice at the outset of his career, but I find in connection with *commercial apprentices* that their general education is usually inadequate. In consequence, they slacken their efforts at an early period owing to the hopeless odds against them in the fight for promotion and advancement. Amongst *engineering apprentices* I feel that ambition is frequently killed by the opportunity of joining Trades Unions at an early age, and commanding masters' wages irrespective of ability or experience. In speaking of this class I, of course, exclude apprentices of superior education.

Mr. W. E. BUSSEY

(Of the great firm of games and sports manufacturers).

I HAVE trained a great number of boys, and am about tired of it. Not through lack of interest, but because of other circumstances nullifying the results of my efforts.

More punishment for wrongdoing is wanted, and even for not doing what should be done. This remark applies to men as well as to boys.

An average German is better than an average Englishman in obtaining the best results from his opportunities.

It is not a question of teaching, but one of feeling the necessity of providing for one's self.

What is the use of an indenture when the employer has no means of making the boy do his best.

Good boys, who number perhaps one in six, will make good men with or without indentures if they are not restrained by other influences.

WELL-KNOWN COMEDIAN'S RESOLUTION

HOW HE PROFITED BY ADVICE.

"Information that cannot be too widely known," he says.

One of the best traits of human nature is that when a man (or woman) discovers a good thing, he straightway proceeds to tell it unto others.

This is just what has happened in the case of Mr. Will Hebden, the well-known variety theatre comedian, whose "Teddy Smiles," "Jocularity," "Napoleon at St. Helena," etc., are well-known to all lovers of musical comedies.

Mr. Hebden has discovered a good thing, and he is now desirous of others profiting in the same way that he has himself. Accordingly he has written a letter for publication to our readers. This letter, it should be pointed out, bears reference to a remarkably useful article published in these columns about two months ago. The article described a method of what is referred to as "Hair Drill." The author of the article assured readers that the most wonderfully gratifying results would attend the carrying out of this "Hair Drill"—and, true enough, the results have been most astonishingly successful in the cases of thousands of *Pearson's Weekly* readers.

MR. WILL HEBDEN,
The well-known Comedian
(from a recent photo).

Perhaps the largest class among those who carried out the "Hair Drill" were men who confessed to baldness of different degrees of actuality. Some men's temples showed its devastating touch, others' foreheads were "retreating," yet others' heads showed "a small patch on the top," while quite an alarming proportion simply stated "baldness." Mr. Hebden's case came under the last-mentioned.

The following letter tells how serious was his baldness:—

"Dear Sir,—Having read your 'Hair Drill,' and being completely bald on the top of the head for a considerable time, I resolved to profit by your advice and give it a fair trial. As I have only practised 'Harlene Hair Drill' for two months, the result has been simply marvellous. To my surprise and pleasure, the hair is quickly growing again, thanks to your excellent remedy.

"I will recommend it to all my friends, as I think it cannot be made too widely known.

"I am, Dear Sir, yours faithfully, WILL HEBDEN."

Unfortunately space does not allow of our here and now publishing the—as Mr. Hebden puts it—"information that cannot be too widely known"—namely, information how to carry out "Hair Drill" for the growth and improvement of the hair. It is some weeks since the offer of the necessary material and information free of charge was made, and now is a fitting opportunity to state that any readers who have not yet tried "Hair Drill" may learn how to do so, and be also supplied with the "Harlene for the Hair" necessary, free of cost by filling up and sending in the coupon below to the address given thereon.

Mr. [illegible] practising "Hair Drill," which he recommends to readers of 'Pearson's Weekly.'

That the hair can be given new life is proved by the case of Mr. Hebden. It is only a case of the proper hair-growing conditions being required. These conditions are supplied in the "Harlene Hair Drill." The latter will absolutely arrest falling hair—clear away and check dandruff or scurf—add lustre to lustreless hair—soften brittle hair—stop splitting of hair, and will also wonderfully improve both the quantity and the quality of everybody's hair.

This is a most deliberate statement, and is guaranteed by the high reputation of the Edwards' "Harlene" Co., whose world-renowned preparation is used by the leaders of every Royal Court in Europe.

The coupon printed hereunder should be filled up and sent to-day (with 3d. stamps for carriage), when the special gift bottle of "Harlene" will be immediately forwarded to any part of the world. (If called for no charge is made.)

Used by Royalty and the nobility everywhere, "Harlene for the Hair," price 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle, may be obtained from chemists and stores throughout the world or will be sent post free on receipt of postal order.

In conclusion, it may be added that no greater mistake can be made than resorting to internal remedies, which will only disorganise and ruin the constitution, or by using cheap worthless remedies which will only aggravate hair unhealthiness.

"Pearson's Weekly" Coupon.

To EDWARDS' HARLENE CO., 95 & 96 High Holborn, London, W.C.

In accordance with the offer to Pearson's Weekly Readers, please send me (free of charge) Trial Bottle of "Harlene for the Hair," and full information how to carry out "Hair Drill." I encl. se three penny stamps for postage for either of the following:—

1 Dry Hair	4 Falling Hair	7 Baldness
2 Dull Hair	5 Brittle Hair	8 Bald Patch
3 Thin Hair	6 Splitting Hair	9 Scurfy Hair

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

Pearson's Weekly, Feb. 13, 1908.

You may have missed many chances of getting on, but don't miss reading "Do It Now." It will make up for all you have lost.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE DAGGER OF DESHAWAR.

The Dramatic Story of a Hindoo Girl's Love for an Englishman.

By G. WHITELEY WARD.

DICK BAYLISS strolled leisurely from his club to his cosy private quarters half-way down the Slope. Just at present he was feeling particularly well-disposed towards mankind in general, and had not the remotest intention of quarrelling with his luck. A Deputy-Collectorship in a healthy district, a £15,000 legacy from a maiden aunt whom he had never seen, and the possession of the loveliest little gold-skinned houri in all India—well, three good things like these do not arrive to every Anglo-Indian at twenty-eight.

They had each and all of them arrived to Bayliss, and he was as grateful as a young man not overweighted by more than the ordinary leaven of humility knows how to be.

He had wedded the girl after the manner of the Orient—where the women are reckoned with the cattle, the cattle ranking somewhat first in estimation—at the cost of very many rupees paid to her avaricious old stepfather, a silversmith in a small way just outside the town on the hill road leading northward to the Snows. Old Gunoo Chandni had had many caste scruples in transferring his daughter to an unbeliever; but rupees were rupees, and the silversmith's and seal-cutting business was not too flourishing since the "Europe shops" had become so many in the place.

As for little Janoo herself, to whose lot had ever fallen all the drudgery of the mean household, she was wild with delight at exchanging the squalor of the small dwelling on the bleak North Road for the daintiest maisonette imaginable at quite the other end of Allahpur. For such desirable things as plenty to eat and almost illimitable clothes to wear, Janoo would cheerfully have put up with the very Beast himself out of the English fairy books.

As matters were, she very quickly found herself adoring her big Englishman with all her heart, and with all her soul, although she did not know for certain that she had one. Dick, on his side, worshipped her more, if that were possible, than she did him. And really, from a certain point of view, the new tie that he had formed was not altogether disadvantageous to himself. He liked power, did Bayliss, and he ruled supreme lord—with Janoo for his queen—in the charming dwelling which he had taken for a casket in which to keep so rare a jewel; a casket of which his faithful henchman, Yakoob Khan, the burly, easy-natured Sikh who smoked and dozed all day under the slim shade of the peepul in the well-court, was as the padlock on the door.

Not that Janoo ever wanted to get out. She was too happy where she was—when her Dick was with her, that is to say—for at other times she hardly could be said to be alive at all.

But when she had withdrawn with her lord to the seclusion of the dim-lit inner chamber, with its faint scent of jasmine blossoms, its piles of fluffy cushions, and his most cherished gift, the turquoise-studded kaliun with the gold and amber lip-piece, in full blast on the mat beside her—at such a moment she opened out like a lily to the sun, and became the living embodiment of witchery's own self.

Then it was that she danced for him the sinuous and seductive measures of her own country, which are quite different, and very much more interesting, than anything in the Terpsichorean line that we have on this side. Or she would take up her pearl-studded *sittar* and sing to its accompaniment the drowsy Swing Song of the Krishna festivals, or one of the lilting beggar-lays of Ram Persbad, the king of all the beggars, in a voice that sounded like a carillon of chiming silver bells.

But best of all she loved to nestle at Dick's side upon the low divan, when she would wind her soft arms about his neck, and lay her rounded cheek against his own, or, kneeling before him, would clasp her leaf-light hands upon his knees in the prettiest possible attitude of supplication, until he stopped her with a rain of kisses on her rosy mouth and amber neck.

"And dost thou truly, *truly* love me?" she would ask him at these times, just like any English maiden, only with a passionate vibration thrilling in her voice such as but few Englishmen, probably, are privileged to hear.

"And art thou very sure that thou wilt never leave me, lord of my heart, and master of my life?" The words have a much more caressing sound in Hindustani than in the cold English.

And Dick would answer, playing with her heavy braids of night-black hair:

"Never while the day-dawn follows the dark, O Empress of my soul." He meant it, too, quite seriously.

"But," she would insist, "if some white maiden of thine own race should come to thee upon a day and say to thee: 'Put away this dark woman and take me for thy newer wife,' wouldst thou order me outside to fill the pipe for thee and her, while the new wife lay against thy breast within?"

"Nay, heart's delight, thou knowest that I would not. There will not ever be a co-wife to thee in this thy house, which is thine own house, and not mine at all."

Then Dick would in his turn be rewarded with many kisses from the charming rosebud mouth.

The foregoing is but an example of numberless little contests of affection in which Dick Bayliss and Janoo indulged on every possible occasion. They always had the same conclusion. The little face would be caught between his big, brown hands and smothered with passionate kisses until Janoo would free herself, gasping for breath, but half-delirious with sheer delight for thought that her Dick was hers for ever and ever.

Meanwhile the faithful Yakoob snored thickly beneath the peepul in the well-court. He was a phlegmatic individual, this wire-bearded Sikh; paid to hold his honour's stirrup when he mounted, to fetch the daily provisions for the household from the bazaar, and, more than all, to hold his tongue. He acquitted himself admirably in all of these capacities. A very treasure of a servant was Yakoob Khan, until——

It had been at the beginning of the "cold weather" when Dick and little Janoo began to play at matrimony on a doll's house basis. The monsoon rains had already broken when Mrs. Orme-Yodrell, accompanied by her daughter, Miss May Orme-Yodrell, arrived in Allahpur from the reeking plains below. Mrs. Orme-Yodrell was the relict of the late Colonel Orme-Yodrell, C.B., who had departed this life two seasons previously after filling for several before that a lucrative staff appointment in the Viceregal entourage.

His widow also possessed money in her own right, so that the Orme-Yodrell establishment was conducted upon a very comfortable, not to say luxurious, scale.

By virtue of her expectations, May Orme-Yodrell could look to make a most satisfactory match from the purely worldly and maternal point of view. By reason of her own good looks, which were undeniable, she might mate on terms of absolute equality with any man in near or further Ind, from a Lieutenant-Governor downwards. Which—the sex being proverbially contrary—is probably the reason why, two weeks after their mutual introduction at a Government House garden party, she capitulated unconditionally to Dick Bayliss.

Her mother was not too pleased at first. A Deputy-Collector's pay, while fairly adequate, is not princely considering the importance of the work he has to do. All the Deputy-Collectors in India will bear me out in this.

Now, let it be thoroughly well understood that I have not the smallest intention of defending Dick's conduct in the matter. By every law of divine, if not of human origin, he was a married man already. Truly, he had not elected to enter the bonds of wedlock by the broad gateway of the official English code.

But married he was nevertheless, and, being so, had no more right to go dangling after May Orme-Yodrell than would have had the colonel commanding the station himself, who boasted a large wife and five grown-up girls (all red-haired) of his own.

Yet Bayliss did dangle; and just as surely as that same word rhymes with "tangle," it was not a month before all Allahpur, who, of course, knew nothing of Janoo, regarded Bayliss and May as a semi-engaged couple, and chaffed him noisily and enviously upon the fact.

May Orme-Yodrell heard of the congratulations, and smiled softly to her pretty self. She believed that she would make an ideal Deputy-Collector's wife, with the major post to follow. The difficulty with the mother she did not regard as very serious. Dick's people came of county stock, and he would come in for at least £2,000 a year whenever old Mr. Bayliss, a leather merchant of the City of London, should be gathered to his fathers.

It has been observed above that Yakoob Khan was an easy-going man. He was; but it chanced that aforetime, in his hot youth, during a brief service in a British regiment upon the border, he had, from one cause and another, come into somewhat too frequent collision with the authorities as represented by the colonel sahib and the orderly-room sergeant. Consequently, he hated anything militantly British. The Orme-Yodrells represented the military, for Yakoob Khan.

When, therefore, the news of Dick's affair with Miss Orme-Yodrell filtered down to the maisonette upon the hillside, Yakoob, taking counsel of his water-pipe beneath the peepul tree, decided that this thing must never be; the more so since marriage with an interfering memsahib must of necessity mean a speedy and entire subversion of the pleasant conditions under which he earned and ate his daily rice at present.

As for poor little Janoo, she was at first stupefied with sheer dumb misery.

Then she fired up and vehemently declined to believe the news at all. Four days afterwards (he had never left her for so many hours previously) Dick came down and was immediately taxed with his perfidy. He neither exactly confirmed not yet exactly denied the rumours, but sought to make amends to his own conscience by being extra nice to Janoo.

He produced a lovely set of pearls, and tried to swear unalterable devotion as he clasped them round her delicate throat.

Janoo affected to be satisfied with his protestations, but when he had gone away she knew that the old-time love had gone out of the door with him, and guessed that it would never return.

So she sat down in the little inner chamber that had witnessed all their mutual happiness—and hatched a plot. Also, after carefully sounding him upon the matter, she admitted Yakoob to a portion of her confidence. But not to all. Yakoob returned to his quarters two hours later imbued with the firm impression that the marriage between his master and the daughter of the deceased colonel sahib would [illegible] off.

He understood it, further, to be a definitely settled thing that Janoo and her various belongings in cash and valuables were to revert to himself, Yakoob Khan, so soon as this other affair had been settled satisfactorily.

Meantime, the little house on the Slope leading down to the lower city was not given up, indeed. But Dick visited it less and less frequently as the weeks went on, and when he did come his visits were shorter and ever shorter. Not that he did not behave well to poor little Janoo from the mere pecuniary standpoint. He was, in fact, liberality itself to her, and flattered himself perhaps that the jingling of the many rupees that he poured into her lap would help to heal the hurt to her pride when the final wrench should come.

His engagement to May Orme-Yodrell had now been publicly announced, and Dick was officially entitled, in his character as husband-elect, to ten dances on the programme of every ball they met at, as well as to the further privilege of riding with her each afternoon upon the Mall, or walking beside her rickshaw when she took the air in that way.

His bill at the best jeweller's in the town was by now a thing to make you stagger when you saw it. Nevertheless, with the exception of an occasional uneasy feeling about poor little Janoo, who seemed to have grown thinner, and consequently less attractive, every time he saw her, he was supremely happy; much more so than he deserved.

Eventually, Dick's wedding-day with May Orme-Yodrell was actually fixed, and it became necessary to explain the fact to Janoo. She took it much better than he had expected. There was no "scene" at all.

He told her how more than grateful he was for all her goodness to him in the past months, and went on to say that it was her love which had really purified him and enabled him to win his bride. A remark which, in our opinion, was in the most execrable taste.

Little Janoo received the news very quietly.

A well-brought-up English girl could not have been more self-possessed. She had always known, she said, that one day or other he would go back to his own people. She herself had never been more than his devoted slave, and she thanked her lord, with a faint echo of the old gaiety and mock humility in her voice, for all the favours he had heaped upon her. This made Dick feel meaner than before, if that were possible.

He proceeded to apply salve to that uneasy thing men call a "conscience" by presenting Janoo with the title-deeds of the house where they had dwelt together, informing her at the same time that he had arranged for her to receive an annuity of 500 rupees, payable monthly.

Janoo expressed herself as more than satisfied with his liberality, and Dick shortly left. Yakoob Khan was to follow him as soon as Janoo had got another servant.

A few evenings later—the last, in fact, before the wedding day—Dick gave a farewell supper at the club to a large party of his bachelor friends.

It was a very cheery gathering, and the host made a particularly effective little speech in response to the toast of his health, proposed by Hal Collyer, his oldest chum.

In the course of it he remarked that, although by that hour on the day following he would have joined the ranks of Benedicks, this fact was to make no difference at all in his affection for every member of the company then and there assembled. He should ever cherish a warm corner in his heart of hearts (here Dick's voice trembled slightly) for the friends of his unregenerate bachelor days, and was quite sure that when his dear wife that was to be came to know them all, as he knew them, Mrs. Richard Bayliss would like and admire them, individually and collectively, every bit as much as he did.

It was really a most artistic little address, and more than one "unregenerate" felt a lump rise in his throat as he listened to it.

Dick proceeded to tell them that as a grand wind-up and *finale* to this the last evening he should ever spend with them as a bachelor, he had engaged the services of a celebrated troupe of Nautch dancers from the temple of Bunoor, and hoped his guests would be amused.

He now gave the signal to Yakoob, who, clothed in spotless raiment, stood behind his master's chair, for the admittance of the troupe; and after a few minutes' delay they filed into the room. The party consisted of a couple of male tom-tom players—no *tamasha* in India could go off successfully without the assistance of the tom-tom—two performers on the *sittar*, and a corpulent person armed with a large kind of tambourine.

Four veiled and shapeless bundles who next shuffled in were obviously the Nautch girls. Dick and his friends sat in a semi-circle at the upper end of the room, which had been cleared.

A tall, grey-bearded individual stepped forward and expressed, in Hindustani, the gratification it gave his company to perform before the "Huzoors," after which the musicians commenced a weird sort of overture. At its conclusion, one of the shapeless bundles, squatting by the wall, rose, and, slipping off its mummy-wrappings, became a tall, handsome girl attired in full Nautch costume—which might be a trifle *decolletée* for British taste.

The young woman now proceeded to go through the complicated series of muscular contortions and posturings which compose the dance. It was a bold performance in every sense of the term, and won considerable applause.

Then the lady retired, with gratified bowings, into her winding-sheet, and the musicians struck up another selection—one of those Oriental compositions which ever seem as if they were about to break into an air and never do. At its conclusion two others of the dancers advanced into the centre of the room. They were attired jointly in what appeared to be a single voluminous wrap of salmon-coloured Tussore silk.

Again the tom-toms and *sittars* throbbed and hummed, and to their music the dancers began to twirl in opposite directions.

As they gyrated, with heads thrown back and arms uplifted, the silk unrolled itself in fold on fold, displaying more clearly each instant the graceful curves and contours of the girls' slim figures. Then, just as the performance was becoming, as Hal Collyer said, "really

interesting," the dancers stopped dead, the tune changed, and they commenced to turn in the contrary direction, rewinding the *sari* as they spun. Loud applause again succeeded, and the performance—an interesting variant on that of the Constantinople Dervishes—was repeated to an accompaniment of shrill cries by the party with the tambourine.

More music from the band, after which the headman of the temple once more stepped forward and impressively announced that the Beebee Moti, the most famous Nautch dancer in Northern India, would next have the honour of performing the celebrated Dagger Dance of Peshawar. Evidently this was to be something superfine, and everybody got ready to watch it carefully.

The fourth bundle of femininity now rose from her place, and, removing her cloak, disclosed the magnificent dress of the head dancer of a high-class temple. The soft, raw-silk vestures, glittering with gold and jewels, outlined in perfection her lithe and graceful form. Around her rosy ankles were clasped many rows of little golden balls that tinkled tiny music as she walked; her arms were bare from wrist to shoulder, except for the heavy soft-gold bracelets.

White jasmine flowers crowned her long, black hair, and her gauzy boorka—the semi-diaphanous face veil of the East—was secured by an ornament containing a pigeon-blood ruby of enormous size.

She came forward, and, with a low obeisance to Bayliss, who was looking exceedingly uncomfortable, began to dance.

The idea embodied in the Dagger Dance of the Pathan Hills will probably be unfamiliar to non-Indian readers; but the general plan and notion of it is to the effect that a Kuli maiden has a lover who, madly devoted to her at first, gradually grows colder in his attentions. The scorned but high-spirited girl vows revenge, and under pretence of dancing for his pleasure stabs her faithless lover to the heart.

In successive movements the performer, who was obviously a past-mistress of her art, depicted clearly as words would have done the *motif* of the scena. First, her dancing showed the proud young beauty, happy in her lover's worship; next the poor heart, agonised and torn by doubts, but yet loth to believe the tale of a man's perfidy; anon, the wild fury born of a knowledge that she is scorned and abandoned; and, lastly, the *dénouement* of the tragedy—revenge at the dagger's point.

As she reached the culminating catastrophe the dancer produced from her bejewelled girdle a glittering, curved *canjar*, which spit out wicked gleams of light as it whirled above her head. The music quickened suddenly—everyone leaned forward breathless with excitement, and there came the snap of a breaking wineglass stem.

Higher and higher rose the din. Now the dancer's great, black eyes were flashing fire as fierce as that which glanced off the keen knife-blade, when with a shrill "Heh!" she darted forward, aimed a lightning stroke at Dick, and, recoiling, plunged the dagger once and again into her own side!

Instantly the room was in an uproar.

But, before the servants entered, the girl, her eyes already glazing, had been lifted by Dick and tenderly laid upon a pile of cushions, where the station doctor, disturbed at his whist downstairs in the smoking-room, saw her directly.

No, there was not the slightest chance for her, he subsequently informed the scared group which had gathered under the flogging punkah. The girl was as good as dead already. As nearly as he could judge the dagger strokes must have gone half-way through her body. In another quarter of an hour Dick himself came down with a face rather whiter, if anything, than his own collar, and a clean-cut rent in the breast of his dress waistcoat.

He said, in answer to their inquiries, that he was not hurt. Then he drank off a couple of stiff brandy "pegs," and, after apologising to his guests for the unpleasant "accident" that had spoilt their evening, went home by himself.

The body was fetched away an hour later for interment, according to the Mahommedan rites.

No one ever knew what happened between the doctor's leaving the dying girl and Dick's return from that upstairs room, with its table glittering with glass and silver, and the dark red puddle slowly wiping out the pattern of the carpet.

His wedding with May Orme-Yodrell was solemnised the next day, and everybody noticed that the bridegroom looked more than a little "stale." His appearance was attributed by some of the company present to the shock resulting from his narrow escape on the previous evening.

Others, less charitable, put his paleness down to late hours and too many "pegs," and opined that he badly needed a wife to look after him. Neither of these was the true reason, I believe.

The little house down the hillside towards the lower town remained without an occupant for several months, after which it was pulled down by order of the Street Commissioners to make room for a new road across that portion of the Slope.

The last news of Yakoob Khan was to the effect that he was living—in considerable style for a native of his position—in a biggish house at Rawal Pindi.

I think that is about all.

SHE: "Some persons claim that they cannot look from a height without wishing to cast themselves down. Did you ever have that feeling, Mr. Yearnso?"

He: "Once."

"Indeed! Where were you?"

"I was on an omnibus, and I saw you in the street."

SHE: "Is that friend of yours whom you are expecting a tall man?"

He: "About six feet two inches. Why do you ask?"

She: "Because in that case I shall have to dust the ornaments on the top shelf."

WHY STATUARY IS NEGLECTED

By ADRIAN JONES, the Celebrated Sculptor.

[Captain Adrian Jones has just been commissioned to complete a gigantic piece of statuary representing a female figure of Peace standing in a four-horsed chariot, for the great arch on Constitution Hill. Other statues which have made him famous are the Duke of Cambridge in Whitehall, the Carabineers in Chelsea, the Royal Marines in St. James's Park, and Sir Redvers Buller at Exeter.]

I THINK that the principal reason why statuary is such a neglected art in this country is because there are practically no facilities for the exhibition of the most important works of the sculptor.

The only chance available for the rising young sculptor to show what he can do is for him to exhibit his work in two private rooms of the Royal Academy, which are totally inadequate for the purpose.

Most really ambitious work of this kind is executed on a large scale, but nothing very large can be sent to the Royal Academy, because there is no accommodation for it.

The largest thing I ever sent there myself was a group of horses, which they only just managed to squeeze into the lift, in spite of the fact that they were only life size, which is very much smaller than most statues are made.

The quadrangle at the Academy would make an ideal exhibition ground for sculpture, if it were covered over with glass, with shrubs, etc., dotted about to give the place a similar appearance to the environment which the works would have out of doors.

PEOPLE DON'T BUY ORIGINAL BRONZES.

Unfortunately, this is out of the question, because other people have a right of way there; but it is a great pity that some place cannot be found where prospective purchasers and art-lovers could get sufficient space to enable them to see large statues to the best advantage.

Another reason for the neglect of statuary, and one which is probably due to the fact that people cannot see a good exhibition anywhere, is that the ignorance of the "man in the street" regarding statuary is far greater than his ignorance regarding pictures.

The ordinary man's conception of statuary consists of a pair of what he calls "bronzes," cheap French reproductions of some celebrated piece of work turned out by the thousand in a steel mould, and he does not care if the people next door, or at half the houses in the street, have exactly the same thing on their dining-room mantelpiece. Very few people in this country buy original bronzes.

Then, too, the average man does not know enough to distinguish between art and craftsmanship. A successful statue must not be merely a cold and exact copy of nature. It must be idealised sufficiently to suggest motion and life.

But the "man in the street" looks upon the sculptor as a mere craftsman. He thinks too much of the man he is honouring with a statue, and too little of the man who is doing the work.

The consequence is that commissions are frequently given to a man just because he has done a certain number of statues, has got a vogue, or for sentimental reasons, quite irrespective of his qualifications to create the particular kind of statue which is desired.

WE NEED A MINISTER OF ART.

In France a sculptor always exhibits a certain kind of work, and when anyone wants a statue of that kind, he goes to the man who specialises in it, and gives him the commission.

But here a man is often given things to do which he knows nothing whatever about. The same man is often asked to do little female figures and big horses, whereas, of course, one man would be better at one of these things, and another would be better at the other.

People seem to know more about pictures than they do about statuary, for few would think of going to a landscape painter and asking him to paint a portrait.

It is a pity that in this country the municipal authorities have no money to spend on sculpture. In France the octroi duties provide ample funds from which to draw, and whenever anything particularly fine is exhibited at the Salon, the authorities buy it and set it up in some public place for the benefit of the city.

Large sums of money are spent every year in beautifying Paris in this way, and I am sure this is a good thing for the city, because the more beautiful you make a place the more people will flock to it.

I hope that the work on which I am now engaged on the arch on Constitutional Hill will be the forerunner of a great many similar ideas. There are plenty of suitable places standing vacant. There are several arches with nothing on top of them in Hyde Park, which would look far more imposing were they surmounted by a group of statuary.

I think it would be a good thing, educationally and commercially, if we had a Minister of Art, who would be voted a certain sum of money annually for the beautification of our big cities, so that people might be attracted to them.

Foreigners who come to London always ask in surprise, "Have you no sculptors here?" Sculpture and architecture ought to go hand in hand. London is too prosaic a mass of bricks and mortar.

A great deal has been done in this way in recent years, but we ought to do more. There ought to be groups of statuary on all our big public buildings and offices.

The great drawback to sculpture as a popular art is, of course, the fact that it takes a long time to complete any big piece of work. The popular painter can turn out his annual sensation, but the sculptor has the long and tedious work at the foundry to attend to after he has completed his masterpiece.

I estimate that my group for the arch on Constitution Hill will take me three years to complete, working at it four or five hours a day.

The weight will be nearly twenty-five tons, and the problem of balance and support is quite a knotty little problem in mechanical engineering in itself. There are four horses, and they have only two legs each upon the ground to support their weight, and each one has to stand independently of the others.

The car, too, has only two wheels to balance itself upon, and no portion of its weight must be thrown upon the horses' backs, or it will upset the supports already arranged.

Then, there is wind pressure, an important factor in the problem, to be allowed for, so, you see, the sculptor has a good deal to think about besides the conception and execution of his work of art.

Adrian Jones

My Worst Failure.

By FRANK RICHARDSON.

The Whisker Specialist.

I SUPPOSE everybody has some sort of side vice.

In 1898 it struck me that it would be a sound scheme to write a comic opera. I wrote the comic opera. It was produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre after *La Poupée*. I had a superb cast, including Willie Edouin, Ada Blanche, Norman Salmond, Courtice Pounds, Clara Jecks, and Stella Gastelle.

All would have been well with the comic opera—if it had been comic.

But it was not.

Also, it was too long.

After the dress-rehearsal, I sat up with the company in the foyer to cut out two hours from my uncomic opera. I didn't know what to cut out, but eventually I decided on cutting out the plot. At this distance of time I forget what the plot was. Anyhow, it seemed to me the opera would be better without the plot. The company agreed.

On the next night *The Royal Star* was produced without any plot at all.

Instead of being hailed by the public as a great innovator, the pioneer of all the plotless uncomic operas which have since made fortunes for their producers, I was soundly hissed by an outraged audience.

The next morning all the papers stated the precise brand of idiot that I belonged to. Some papers even went so far as to invent new brands of lunacy and enrolled me as an honorary member. I was the limit, the extreme edge, the worst ever.

I took the hint and went into the whisker business.

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QUIPS AND JESTLETS.

QUITE ENOUGH.

He was addressing a lowly but intelligent audience somewhere in the vicinity of Whitechapel, and he had selected for his discourse "Rhymes and Rhyming," so that he might illustrate to those rough and rugged minds how the charms of poesy can brighten the poor man's hearth. And, touching upon the difficulties of rhyming, he said:

"It is easy enough, my friends, to get a rhyme for as simple a word as 'sea,' but what can you get for 'burglary?'"

"Well, guv'nor," exclaimed one of his hearers, "it all depends on the judge. My Bill got seven years!"

A LAST RESORT.

Some days ago a young woman called at the house of a prominent doctor, and, after discoursing on all the topics of interest of the day, settled down to tell him her ailments. Among other things, she said, that she was greatly troubled by a "sinking feeling."

The doctor prepared a little bottle of medicine and gave it to her, with minute directions as to how it should be taken. The woman began to talk, but at length, after many vain efforts on his part to get rid of her, made for the door. She had just opened it, when she turned and said:

"Oh, doctor, what shall I do if this medicine does not cure me?"

"Take the cork," he retorted. "They tell me that's good for a sinking feeling."

DROPPING A LINE.

There was a storm at sea, and in the maw of the cruel waves a noble ship struggled.

On shore the heroic coastguards battled manfully against the tempest. They fired a rocket to the human freight of the half-submerged vessel, and the line happily being grasped, all fear seemed dispelled.

An old lady appeared on the scene, and in great

excitement disturbed the strenuous efforts of a coastguard.

"Good gracious!" she wailed, "cannot anything be done to help those poor wretches on that wrecked ship?"

"Yes, mum," replied the storm conqueror; "we have sent the crew a line to come ashore."

The dame was staggered. "What!" she shrieked. "You don't mean to tell me they were waiting for a formal invitation?"

A TALE OF TWO CIGARS.

It was a moonlight evening, and Jenkins was smoking a fine-flavoured Havana, when he met a friend.

"Have a cigar?" he inquired.

"Thanks," said the other gratefully, taking and lighting the proffered weed.

After a few experimental puffs, however, the friend removed the cigar from his lips, looked at it doubtfully, and, with a very evident abatement of gratitude in his tone, asked:

"What do you pay for these cigars?"

"Two for one and twopence," replied the original proprietor of both weeds, taking his own cigar out of his mouth and looking at it with considerable satisfaction. "This cost me a shilling, and that twopence."

HIS CHANCE AT LAST.

The court was crowded. Not a breath of air stirred, and many anxious faces peered forward to watch the young man as he made his appearance in the dock. He was not yet twenty, and, as one benevolent young woman remarked, "Why, he hasn't even got a moustache!"

The charge against the prisoner was given out. He had been caught red-handed committing a robbery, with the "swag" actually in his possession.

"Have you anything to say against the charge?" asked the magistrate, when the constable had finished his evidence.

"No, your worship," replied the prisoner. "I hope you will deal with me as leniently as possible."

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment before?"

"No, your worship—never," answered the youthful burglar, and he burst into tears.

The magistrate's heart was softened at this touching scene, and, wiping away a stray tear, he replied consolingly:

"Don't cry! Don't cry! You're going to be now!"

STANDING ROOM ONLY.

An ominous cracking, a general flight of the skaters, and where a moment before had been ice now appeared a large pool, ornamenting the centre of which was a man's head and shoulders.

A park-keeper was soon on the spot, and, crawling cautiously along a ladder, he reached the edge of the ice.

"Come in closer," he shouted, "and I'll help you out."

"Not much," said the victim; "I can't swim."

"Can't swim?" sneered the rescuer. "Why it's only up to your armpits."

"Nonsense!" came the retort. "It's about seven feet out here. I'm standing on the fat old bloke who broke the ice!"

Insurance Official: "Of what complaint did your father die?"

Applicant: "The jury found him guilty."

Conceited Amateur: "I learned to play the violin when I was eight years old."

Crusty Professional: "Indeed. How old were you when you forgot?"

BEREFT.

I miss thee when Aurora tints the morn
And wakes the earth to greet the new-born day;
When sunset hues the purple West adorn
I watch them pass, as thou hast passed, away.
Out in the slumb'rous silence of the night
I dream that thou, as in the days of yore,
Art mine again, but with the morning light
I wake to find thee lost, and gone before.

Long, long have I in vain endeavour sought
To lure thee back to thine own natal roof;
One sign of thee! Ah me, how I have wrought
For that! But still thou holds't thyself aloof.
Tell me, will naught avail to woo thee back,
Lost jewel from the earthly crown I own?
Must I henceforward thy soft presence lack,
And plod Life's weary pilgrimage alone?

* * * * *

'Tis all in vain? Ah well, so let it be;
I'll face the world in manner debonnair,
For untold gold I'd not let people see
How much I miss my dear departed hair!

"Yes, I am going to marry Mr. Bullion."

"He is old enough to be your father."

"I know. But, unfortunately, he does not seem to care for mother."

Employer (to his clerk): "Is it true that when the clock strikes six you put down your pen and go, even if you are in the middle of a word?"

Clerk: "Certainly not, sir. If it gets so near six as that I never begin the word at all."

NOT AN X-RAY.

A portly youth entered the concert-room and slowly pushed his way down the crowded row towards his seat. This was far from an easy undertaking, and many malicious glances and muttered exclamations were directed towards him.

Suddenly he stepped on the foot of a small man who was half hidden behind a pair of opera-glasses, and as he always put his foot down emphatically he made several dents in the little man's corns.

"Hang it, sir, can't you see my feet," expostulated the little man in a loud whisper.

"Impossible, sir," calmly replied the stout youth, stopping an instant before sitting down, "you've got your shoes on."

SOLVING A MYSTERY.

The children of a country school were being examined, and amongst other questions put to them by the examiner was:

"What is the meaning of the letters 'J.P.' after the mayor's name?"

Now, the mayor is a well-known butcher of the borough, and the question evidently puzzled the class; but after a long silence one youth ventured to raise his hand.

The examiner said: "Ah, I am glad somebody knows. Well, Tommy, what is the answer?"

"Judge of Pork," yelled the youth, to the astonishment of the examiner and master.

BADLY WANTED.

Two of the local team's best players were absent through illness, and at the last moment a couple of substitutes—a centre-forward and a goalkeeper had been requisitioned to fill the vacancies.

When half-time had been called the goalkeeper had allowed the opposing team to score five goals with shots that might have been stopped by the most diminutive schoolboy; while the centre-forward had spent his time wandering about as though looking for his position.

Just before the resumption, the centre-forward walked up to the captain and asked what position he was supposed to occupy during the second half.

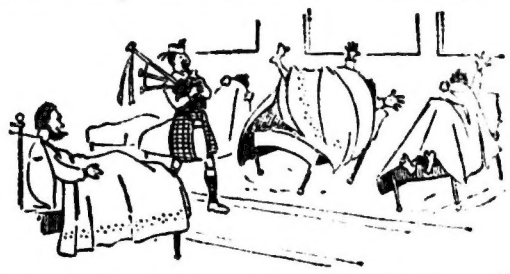
The skipper scratched his head.

"Blowed if I know," he replied, bluntly, "unless you go long-stop to your friend in goal."

HIS LITTLE JOKE.

There is an amusing story of a Highland soldier who, while lying dangerously ill in hospital, expressed a desire to hear the bagpipes once more before he died. The hospital doctor agreed, as there were only fourteen inmates of the ward, and none of them were serious cases.

A regimental piper was found to play the bagpipes, and for a long time he paced the ward playing tunes



of the homeland. The next morning the piper called at the hospital.

"Well, doctor," he inquired, "how is my countryman this morning?"

"Very well indeed," replied the doctor; "he went to sleep after your entertainment, smiling happily, and awoke this morning a new man. He will rapidly recover now."

"Good!" said the piper. "Good!"

"But," added the medical man, "the other thirteen patients are dead!"

MUSIC ON THE BRAIN.

That we all are victims to heredity is an indisputable fact, and we have it on the assurance of the best scientists and doctors of the day that without doubt we inherit the good points or defects, as the case may be, of our ancestors and parents. But claims to heredity can be carried too far. For instance, Mrs. Barlow, the other day, waxed eloquent over her daughter's skill at the piano when a friend was good-natured enough to say the girl played nicely.

"Yes," said the proud mother: "she has a beautiful touch, and she loves the piano so much that if I were to permit it, she would play the live-long day."

"Indeed!" gasped her friend, breathing a sigh of relief that she did not live in the neighbourhood.

"Oh, it's a clear case of heredity," went on Mrs. Barlow. "It's quite natural when you come to think of it. Her dear grandfather had his skull fractured by a cornet at a picnic!"

BECAUSE SHE LOVED HIM.

A popular preacher says that if his sermon ever stretches beyond the twenty minutes to which he means always to limit it, the words of his little daughter ring in his ears, and he reflects that some of his congregation are doubtless feeling as she did on a memorable occasion.

The occasion was the little girl's sixth birthday. She went to church with her mother, and sat quietly through the service. The sermon was unusually good, the minister could not help thinking; he had plenty to say, and he said it fluently.

"How did you like my sermon?" he asked his young critic, as they walked home together, her small hand in his big one.

"You preached awful long, father," said the little girl, "but I heared it, because I love you, and I knew I'd have a nice dinner when I got home, and forget what I'd been through."

... Navy," and build your future on a sound foundation.

[Cont]inued from page One.)

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£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of **any person** killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was **travelling as a passenger** (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an *accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger,* the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature..

Available from 9 a.m., Thursday, February 6th, 1908, until midnight, Friday, February, 14th, 1908.

COMING HOLIDAYS, 1908.	JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
Good Friday . . April 17.	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 3 10 17 24 31	Feb. 7 ... 5.57
Easter Monday . April 20.	M 6 13 20 27	M 3 10 17 24	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25	" 8 ... 5.59
Whitsun Monday . June 8.	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	" 9 ... 6.0
Bank Holiday . August 3.	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 5 12 19 26	W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 6 13 20 27	" 10 ... 6.2
Christmas Day December 25.	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	" 11 ... 6.4
Boxing Day . December 26.	F 3 10 17 24 31	F 7 14 21 28	F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24	F 1 8 15 22 29	" 12 ... 6.6
	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 2 9 16 23 30	" 13 ... 6.8

300 Guineas

LIPTONS

offer the following prizes to those who send in the largest number of wrappers taken from packets of LIPTONS Tea. The wrappers may be from ¼-lb., ½-lb., or 1-lb. packets. The ¼-lb. wrapper will count one, ½-lb. wrapper will count two, and 1-lb. wrapper will count four.

1st *Prize,* 100 *Guineas*

2nd *Prize,* 50 *Guineas*

100 PRIZES, ONE GUINEA EACH

will be awarded to the competitors sending in the largest number of LIPTON Tea wrappers on **April 14th next.** The awards will be announced and cheques sent to the successful competitors on **May 14th** and the judge's decision must be accepted as final.

To small consumers who think themselves unable to save a sufficiently large number of wrappers to win one of the above prizes

A SPECIAL PRIZE OF FIFTY GUINEAS

will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the largest number of LIPTON wrappers collected from friends and acquaintances, with the names and addresses of the people from whom these wrappers have been obtained. If you think you cannot obtain a number of LIPTON wrappers large enough to win the First Prize, compete for this SPECIAL PRIZE. Ask a friend to buy a packet of Liptons Tea and give you the wrapper. The names and addresses must be written on sheets of foolscap in the handwriting of the people from whom the wrappers are obtained, and the number of wrappers enclosed must be written clearly on top left-hand corner of the first sheet.

Please observe carefully the following simple conditions:

1. On April 14th send your wrappers, in one parcel, to LIPTONS Wrapper Competition, 35 Surrey Street, Strand, London, W.C.

2. Name and address, and number of wrappers sent must be clearly written on paper, and enclosed in the parcel.

3. Wrappers intended for the special prize must have the words "Special Prize" written in the left-hand top corner of the parcel, and names and addresses of the people from whom wrappers have been obtained—written by themselves on sheets of foolscap provided by the competitor—must be enclosed in same parcel.

LIPTONS,

GROWERS OF THE FINEST TEA THE WORLD CAN PRODUCE

CITY ROAD, LONDON.

25,000 Branches and Agents all over the Globe.

For Skin and Complexion.

Plantol Soap

represents a new feature in th art of soap-making. It is mad from fruit and vegetable oil and contains no animal fa Alone, these oils are soothin and emollient. When delicatel blended and manufactured int

PLANTOL SOAP

they act as a balm to the skin.

A Toilet Treasure.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

The name LEVER on soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excelle